

Volume LXXXVII No. 4

October 27, 1967

30 cents

COMMONWEAL



Fall Book Issue

ST. CHARLES CATHOLIC LIBRARY

OCT 26 1967

CARTHAGENA STATION, CATHIA OHIO

Thomas Merton **TEILHARD'S GAMBLE**
● *David Littlejohn* **GEORGE STEINER:**
DOOM-HAUNTED PRODIGY ● *Warren*
Coffey **OXFORD BOYS ON THE FAR**
SHORE ● *David Segal* **THE NERVE**
OF EDMUND WILSON ● *Daniel Stern*
WOMEN NOVELISTS ● *Anne Fremantle*
SHANE LESLIE'S LONG SHADOWS ●

A-3505 12-68
ST CHARLES SEM LIBRARY
CARTHAGENA STATION
CELINA OH 45822



Remedios Guanzon.

Father dead.

Mother blind.

REMEDIOS GUANZON, FILIPINA, AGE 5. Father dead. TB. Mother blind. Earns a few pennies begging. Brother is a scavenger. Remedios guides blind mother's hands to spots on clothes that require particular scrubbing. Family lives in one small room. Must crawl through small opening to enter. Walls from material found at city dump. No facilities. Help to Remedios means help to entire family, medical care included.

Thousands of children as needy as Remedios anxiously await "adoption" by you or your group. Choose a boy or girl from Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru. Your child and his family receive a monthly cash grant, as well as counselling, medical care, blankets, household equipment, clothing—and primary school education. You receive a case history and photograph. Each month you write and receive a letter (original and translation). Learn how your "adoption" benefits the entire family. Soon, through the regular letters and progress reports, you and your child develop a warm, loving relationship.

CHECK YOUR CHARITY! We eagerly offer our financial statement upon request because we are so proud of the handling of our funds.

PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, approved by the United States Government, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development and filed with the National Better Business Bureau in New York City.

© Foster Parents Plan, Inc. 1967

Foster Parents Plan, Inc.

352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010—Founded 1937

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

Steve Allen
Sen. Paul H. Douglas
Helen Hayes
Conrad N. Hilton
Sen. Jacob K. Javits
Sen. Robert F. Kennedy
Art Linkletter
Amb. & Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge
Garry Moore
Sen. William Proxmire
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Mr. & Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Gov. & Mrs. William W. Scranton
Sen. John G. Tower

FOSTER PARENTS PLAN, INC.

352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010
In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

COM-10-67

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex....., age....., nationality.....
I will pay \$15 a month for one year or more (\$180 per year).
Payment will be monthly (), quarterly (), semi-annually (), annually ().
I enclose herewith my first payment \$.....

B. I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing \$.....

Name

Address

City State Zip

Date Contributions are income tax deductible

The Authorized Edition of the "Dutch Catechism"

A NEW CATECHISM Catholic Faith for Adults

This revolutionary book of Catholic faith is written to speak to the modern Christian and regards him as a responsible, self-directed adult. *A New Catechism* abandons the question and answer form and establishes an open and honest dialogue with the reader. In controversial areas, rather than supply a traditional though unsatisfactory solution, it frankly acknowledges that a great many problems remain unsolved, and that only time and candor in the face of reality will provide the answers. Contemporary in every way, this is the catechism of the future.

"Beautifully written and well translated, this volume is in every way a suitable guide to the meaning of Christian life in today's world. It contains numerous insights into the gospel which are absolutely fresh and exhilarating."

—Gerard S. Sloyan

"I don't know of anything comparable to it and I hope that the book has wide circulation. It could do a lot of good in bringing people up to date."

—Bernard Cooke, SJ

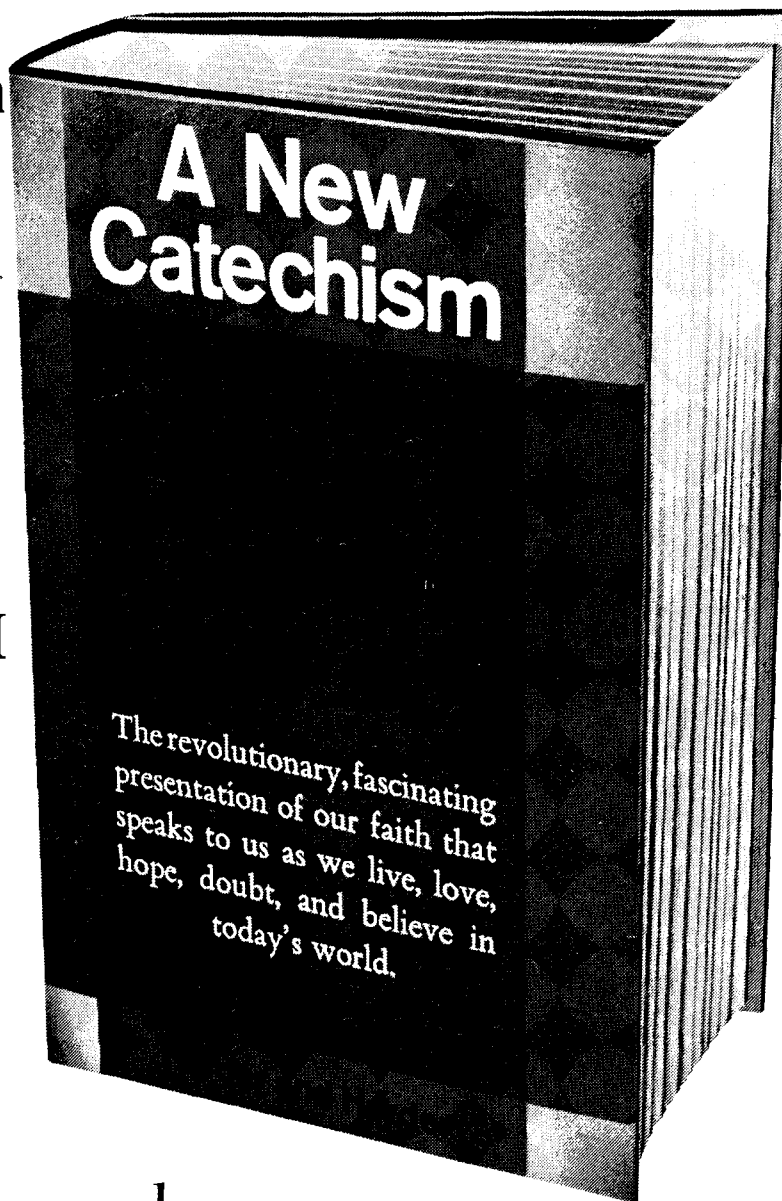
"This brilliant one-volume summary of Catholic belief is a key contribution to the new era in religious education."

—Gabriel Moran, FSC

"One of the striking qualities of the text is its simple, poetic language, void of all technical jargon."

—The Living Light

528 pages Clothbound, \$6.00



Published by

HERDER AND HERDER

232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

To your bookseller or

HERDER AND HERDER

232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send _____ copies of **A New Catechism** (\$6.00 each). Enclosed is \$_____. (Prepaid orders shipped postage free)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

G

NEWS AND VIEWS

Not a few feel that one of the strongest ways of arguing for optional clerical celibacy is on the basis of "inalienable rights," with the papal encyclicals themselves supplying necessary documentation. Father John A. O'Brien used the approach effectively at the September seminar at Notre Dame of the National Association for Pastoral Renewal. A fuller development comes now from Father David F. Born, vice-officialis of the Diocese of Youngstown, O. Father Born writes:

"*Parable I*: The city air of Megalopolis was—no one will deny—quite polluted with a variety of pollutants. But was that any reason for the Lord Mayor to come out with a law that forbade the citizens to breathe? So many have died since that one wonders at the wisdom of such a law.

"*Parable II*: A certain religious order was very very holy. The members practiced self-denial and gave up almost all things. 'Why be *almost* perfect?' one of them said one day. 'Let's go all the way.' So they, having read about Megalopolis, vowed not to breathe. And so they all went all the way.

"Everyone knows that no one can make a valid law against breathing nor can (even a Catholic) vow away the right to inhale a part of the free air. The right to breathe is an inalienable right that no law can alienate and no individual can alienate. Inalienable rights are like that. An inalienable right cannot be alienated either by any authority or by the possessor of the right.

"Good Pope John in 'Peace on Earth' spoke of this when he noted that 'every human being [has rights] flowing directly [from his nature] which are therefore universal, inviolable, and inalienable.'

"Among such rights he lists the right to set up a family.

"Paul VI, not one to oppose the consistent teaching of John and Pius XII and Pius XI, wrote in *Populorum Progressio*: 'Where the inalienable right to marriage and procreation is lacking, hu-

man dignity has ceased to exist.' It is bewildering that the same Pope who wrote those words should shortly afterwards write an encyclical which supports the law that purports to take away the (inalienable) right of a priest to marry.

"With defenders of enforced celibacy to whom I have pointed out that a law which takes away an inalienable right is an invalid law, the argument is immediately switched from the action of authority to that of the individual. 'The individual priest knew what he was doing. He voluntarily gave up the right to marry to become a priest.'

"Let me rephrase that last sentence: The individual alienated his inalienable right to marry in order to become a priest. But that is an impossibility!

"Some have said that a priest has entered into a contractual arrangement with the Church by which the right to marry is lost; others have said that by entering this state, a priest makes an implicit vow of chastity. But could a man (even a Catholic) contract away or vow away his right to breathe? Can he make a valid vow or contract which alienates *any* inalienable right? Not according to Pope John: 'The natural rights . . . are . . . inseparably connected [with] the very person who is their subject.' (*Idem.*)

"Nor can it be argued that in our present discipline the priest (or religious) does not lose the right to marry but only the use of the right. If a person cannot do something without committing serious sin he certainly does not retain the right to take that action. Our present discipline says then that the priest (or religious) has alienated his (her) inalienable right to marry by taking up the life he (she) has chosen.

"Arguments in favor of legislated or vowed celibacy, such as 'It's good for the Church' simply become irrelevant in the light of the axiom: No one can alienate an inalienable right, neither the law-giver nor the individual.

"It follows from this that a priest or religious who would marry, with or without a dispensation, would commit no sin.

Nor could the law-giver effectively take away the inalienable right by subterfuge; i.e., by requiring a special form of marriage, which form is denied to such persons.

"It also follows that a person who calls himself Christian and yet condemns a fellow Christian for using his *right*, or, even worse, interferes with the use of that right, had better examine his own conscience.

"And it further follows that if the Church, through its structures, is preventing men from using their inalienable right to marry, then the Church is committing a grave social injustice, which injustice, like all social injustices bears its natural fruit of grave social evils."

Assorted Quotes Dept.:

—William Styron, in backgrounding *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, his new novel about the Virginia slave rebellion of 1831 against white supremacy:

"In Turner's time, the two institutions which sold the Negro down the river were the legal system and the church. Either, or both, could have at one time exerted their influence for the better. But they didn't, and it was perhaps the cruelest sell-out of all time."

—Father George Hafner, Trenton's embattled priest-rebel, in explaining that his experimental lay group intends not to "lie low":

"We see our role within the Church as that of the dissenter—not claiming some divine charism which guarantees correctness; nor a more sincere dedication than those who work through the ordinary structures of the Church, but rather as a group which asks for the rights of a 'loyal opposition' who protest any smugness or compromise by those in the majority position in the Church."

—Patrick Cardinal O'Boyle, in reprimanding The People, the lay group which has been sponsoring floating "action Masses":

"One of the spokesmen for 'The People' at the time of the cleansing of the chalice had said he had a 'few announcements to make while the Father was washing the dishes.' " JOHN DEEDY

CORRESPONDENCE

The War Issue

Princeton, N.J.

To the Editors: Among the startling features of *Commonweal's* approach to the Vietnam debate (Sept. 22) is the relative amount of over-space being given to this issue, in comparison with one of at least as much life-death import, abortion. Comparing the sheer numbers of casualties from the therapy of war with the therapy of women, one would expect that *Commonweal's* editors would be giving 10 or 15 times as much space to the latter carnage. . . . But, in fact, the proportion of space given the two issues is at least in inverse ratio of this expectation, suggesting how loath are the editors not only to join in an unpopular crusade, but one which would doubtlessly undermine their hard-won bridgehead among "liberal" journals. . . .

A second curious feature in *Commonweal's* handling of this debate is the exclusively condemnatory attitude toward the war taken by not merely the editorials but by all the writers—a uniformity which perhaps enhances the tirelessly self-righteous tone of most of the writing. . . . Your implicit, macabre intolerance of opposed opinion in this debate might suggest to any future psychoanalytic student of perfervid activists that a special chapter must be given journalists.

DAN SULLIVAN

Newark, N.J.

To the Editors: In reference to your Vietnam War issue: without intending sarcasm, but in an attempt to be objective, I find it difficult to reason how it is that laymen like yourselves presume to have more so-called classified information than our executive and State departments on which to form a judgment.

The general tone of your articles, including the scarehead frontispiece, almost tends to give the impression that you have assumed to adopt an *ex cathedra* position. It has often been said recently, but without apparent influence, that our internal conflicts of opinion give aid to the enemy, in that it strength-

(Continued on page 131)

NEWS & VIEWS: 100

CORRESPONDENCE: 101

EDITORIALS: 101

SECOND CHANCE FOR CLEVELAND: John Barden 103

BLAINE AND SECULAR MAN: Dennis Hale 105

THE DUMP JOHNSON MOVEMENT: Steven V. Roberts 106

THE SURTAX SCRIMMAGE: William V. Shannon 107

TEILHARD'S GAMBLE: Thomas Merton 109

THE OXFORD BOYS: Warren Coffey 112

THE DOOM-HAUNTED PRODIGY: David Littlejohn 113

THE NERVE OF EDMUND WILSON: David I. Segal 117

VERSE: Nancy Price 111; A. L. Lazarus 111; John Robert Quinn 120

THE SCREEN: Philip T. Hartung 120

THE STAGE: John Simon 122

BOOKS: 123

JAMES O'CARA: Editor

DANIEL CALLAHAN: Executive Editor

JOHN DEEDY: Managing Editor

PETER STEINFELS: Associate Editor

OONA SULLIVAN: Associate Editor

ANNE ROBERTSON: Editorial Assistant

JONATHAN EISEN: Editorial Assistant

MICHAEL NOVAK: Associate Editor (At Large)

WILFRID SHEED: Books

JOHN SIMON: Drama

PHILIP T. HARTUNG: Movies

JOHN FANDEL: Poetry

ROBERT BARRAT: Paris

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN: Rome

J. M. CAMERON: Great Britain

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: Publisher

JOHN BRUBAKER: Advertising Manager

COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.

Second-class postage paid in Philadelphia, Pa. Printed in the USA and published weekly,

except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September,

by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016

Murray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1967 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.

US and Canada, \$9 a year. Foreign \$11.

UP FROM DOMINOES

In a trice and with Orwellian swiftness, the reasons for our involvement in Vietnam have again been switched, the import of our stake enhanced. We are fighting apparently no longer to save the Vietnamese from themselves nor even to halt an onrushing expansionary China which has been disconcertingly quiescent, but to protect our potentially menaced "national security." To withdraw from Vietnam, Rusk declared in a speech invoking a grim "yellow peril" argument, would be to "subject this country to mortal danger."

Secretary Rusk's truculence toward China and American intellectuals is, however, nothing new: his impassioned cold-warriorism, which has been known to border on the rabid, dates to the early '50s and before, when he was already prescribing preventive wars to make the world safe for democracy. In the ensuing years, while most men were being tempered by experience, Rusk has been demonstrating an obstinate inability to deal with new realities and discard his treasured, but increasingly dysfunctional myths. His latest statement, an example of State Department Newspeak, is another tiresome instance not only of an almost quintessential vacuity but also of a myopia that would have embarrassed John Foster Dulles. If it were not for the fire in Vietnam one could chalk it up to diplomatic posturing; the danger is that people like Dean Rusk, along with Lyndon Johnson and Mao Tse Tung actually mean what they are saying. Rusk's simpleminded anti-Communism, cradled in the language of national interest, comes at a time when a ground-swell of dissent has effectively undermined most of the arguments of the Administration; his voicings thus seem not so much reiterated justifications as implacability with more than a hint of the threat. What Rusk has revealed is a government with its back to the wall, isolated in a course and mentality relevant and meaningful only to itself.

27 October 1967: 101

But to be fair, Rusk suffers from a genuine sense of betrayal. The most prominent of his critics have been those from the Kennedy Administration who were more than a trifle responsible for charting the course Johnson now sails. Men like Schlesinger, Hilsman, Goodwin, Sorenson all have shared in perpetuating our neurotic anti-Communism now surfacing in the diatribes of our President and Secretary of State. Picking on the Administration for its propensity to excess and unnatural love of hard lines may be justifiable, but there is, as Rusk denotes, more than an element of personal resentment. Johnson's ascendancy was a reversal for the intellectuals, so newly back in power, a backsliding to an era supposedly banished by the Harvard invasion and the computer programmers. In this sense much of the current rumbling represents not so much an estrangement from basic cold war assumptions as a bitterness at the way they are being applied. It is a challenge only to the incumbents, but not to the ideology of paranoiac liberalism which insists still that we can uplift Negroes at home without impairing our ability to obliterate Vietnam. It is of a philosophy which continues to countenance the grand design of our Pacific policy; its call is for tact and the grace enough to appear authentically reformist.

But the specter haunting the world is no longer Rusk's Communist dragon, which is reinvented every generation, so much as it is a silliness of tragic dimensions. "The most powerful force in world politics today," writes James Reston, "is fear." But as far as this government is concerned it is a displaced fear, inapposite and self-propelling. It is directed at China rather than the possibility of imminent nuclear war; a fear of colored people rather than the prospect of mass starvation; the fear of losing face rather than our sense of decency and proportion. The obsession of our ideology and the Administration which implements it so brutally is that one day we may have to make our peace with the world.

THE ESCALATION OF DISSENT

It was as inevitable as tomorrow's dawn that as the Administration pursued its escalation policies in Vietnam, with heart hardened and ears deafened to dissent at home, that dissenters, in turn, would escalate their protest. It is not a matter of dissenters' becoming vindictive, so much as it is their being pressed toward desperateness by the Administration's refusal to be touched emotionally or intellectually by arguments that its Vietnam policies are seriously mistaken, and, further, by the Administration's penchant to view dissent as an unhealthy manifestation of what happens when people think too much, read too much and insist on respect for their differing opinions. The escalation of dissent, hence, is a natural consequence both of the failure of the peace movement to achieve ends through ordinary political techniques, and of frustration

that comes from being ignored or, on occasions when notice is taken, of being sneered at.

Recent weeks have seen two significant escalations of dissent, the two similar in nature but independent one of the other in origin as well as in the timing of their respective announcements. The first was the formation of an organization of professors, clergymen, writers, artists and professional people under the name RESIST; the second was the statement directed by leading Catholic intellectuals at the Administration and the general Christian community. Both strike the note that the Vietnam war is constitutionally illegal and morally and legally unjustifiable; that young men who translate repugnance toward the war into refusal to serve in the war merit full support from individuals and churches; and that it is incumbent on citizens generally to develop forms of resistance to the war. In a word, the call is for civil disobedience.

The endorsers of the RESIST declaration are familiar figures of dissent: Robert McAfee Brown, William Sloane Coffin, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Carl Oglesby and scores such. Their progression to civil disobedience is more predictable than it is surprising.

The statement of the Catholic intellectuals, on the other hand, is somewhat more significant, at least from a parochial point of view. It is not that their statement is better, or that the stature of the signers is greater or lesser than the RESIST people. What gives the Catholic statement particular importance is that it carries the names of individuals who hitherto have not been widely identified with the dissent movement and who, at the same time, are some of the most responsible figures of Catholic intellectual life in America: Maisie Ward, John Cogley, Wallace Fowlie, Anne Fremantle, J. F. Powers, William Alfred, Sister Charles Borromeo, C.S.C., and two dozen more. When they unite behind sentiments such as the following, Catholics as a body must ask themselves some hard, sobering questions:

"We believe that on its present terms the war in Vietnam is unjust. We believe that Christian young men who feel morally obliged to refuse service in it are correct. That their churches and fellow Christians must fully support this refusal. And that Christian citizens are morally obliged to actively search out ways to oppose this war, through personal action, political pressure and, if necessary, civil disobedience."

This is tough talk, but, as the signers declare, "we may never have a more serious moral duty than to dissent from this war: it is much more serious than anything in our private moral lives. Christians have found ways of supporting every war that has ever come their way. If they support this one, then the Christian witness of peace means nothing at all."

The Catholic statement was drawn up by Wilfrid Sheed and Peter Steinfelds, both editors of *Commonweal*, and Alice Mayhew, an editor with a New York publishing house. Their participation in the statement, like that of

the signers, is as individuals, not as representatives of an organization; the qualification is specific in their literature. But whereas some organizations might be anxious to seize on this "out" to disclaim some of the signers, *Commonweal* is not; the statement of the Catholic intellectuals is a logical projection of our own editorial positions. Accordingly, the signers have our support, both with regard to objectives and means.

The appeal of the Catholic intellectuals, incidentally, is not a call to anarchy or blood letting. It is an appeal to each individual to determine in his own conscience and the circumstances of time and position the resistance that he might best adopt. The resistance envisioned is a passive disobedience in the tradition of Thoreau. This might take the form of withholding of taxes, counseling, aiding or abetting young men on avoidance of the draft (a federal offense punishable by up to five years in jail, or up to \$10,000 in fines, or both), or disruption tactics of various sorts. Such conduct might sound extreme to some, but as McAfee Brown writes in a recent issue of *Look*, the war is so wrong, and ways of registering concern about it have become so limited, that civil disobedience is the only course left. McAfee Brown regards this course as "honorable." So do others, in increasingly large numbers. There should be no wonder about it, least of all in Washington.

DEATH OF A DREAMER

The death of Ernesto Che Guevara in the fetid jungles of southeast Bolivia brings to an end one more Latin American army of liberation. These guerrilla bands, led by Cuban-trained or inspired officers, have had a bad time of it lately: they have been routed in Peru, Venezuela, Colombia, Guatemala and Nicaragua. But the failure of Che Guevara is a special case.

Guevara's death was poignant because he was something of an international folk hero. It was ironic because he was felled by a segment of the slaphappy Bolivian army trained by U.S. Special Forces. It was bizarre because of the lies and macabre deviousness that surrounded reports of his capture and slaying. (He died on Sunday, no Monday; he was buried; he was cremated, except for his hands, the better to compare fingerprints to verify his death, and so on *ad nauseam*.) It was disgusting because he was humiliated even in death by the Machiavellian General Ovando and gloated over by the Premier Ky of South America, President Barrientos.

But beyond all these things Guevara's death was instructive because he committed suicide. He did so by testing to the breaking point his theory that revolution can be achieved swiftly, directly, without long preparation or political maneuvering. His theory broke down partly because he chose a remote, almost primeval part of Bolivia as his testing ground. (Significantly, he stayed

away from the politically voluble, far left but faction-torn tin miners in the Andes.) The area is underpopulated but, like the rest of the country, the majority of the population are Indians who are hostile to outsiders and suspicious of white men (even legendary revolutionaries), whose existence is almost sub-human and who narcotize their misery by chewing coca. Their indifference proved a quicksand for Che Guevara.

Guevara's death to some extent is a victory for traditional Marxist theorists who say that political and social spadework must be done before a revolution can take root. Things need not work out according to the rigid plans of the traditionalists, as they did not in Russia. Conceivably a revolutionary force could be welded from tin miners or fruit pickers as well as factory workers. But some preparation is necessary. Guevara heaped scorn not only upon traditional Communists but upon evolutionary groups like CLASC which are trying to bring about radical change through long-range programs in basic literacy, peasant unions, slum dwellers associations and radio-school lessons in health, community organization, animal husbandry. These groups are trying to bring the oppressed and the despised to a consciousness of themselves as human beings and to a discovery of the power they possess in organization. Perhaps when they achieve that, the Guevaras of the world will find a field ripe for picking, or perhaps the people will choose to bring in their own harvest. As it was, Guevara tried to reap an unplowed field. He shouted at people whose ears had not yet been opened; he pointed the way to the blind.

Che Guevara was a man obsessed by a dream; in the end it destroyed him as much as any bullet. He was too arrogant or too out of touch with the masses he championed to see that his dream did not fit the time or the place or the people. Still he followed it to the end, into a wild and foreboding place hostile to all human life, including his own. If that makes a hero, Che Guevara was one.



A Second Chance for Cleveland

Carl B. Stokes defeated Mayor Ralph S. Locher of Cleveland in the Democratic primary, Oct. 3, with 52 percent of the vote in a three-way race. President Johnson, Vice President Humphrey and Senator Robert Kennedy sent congratulations, hailing the upset of the local Democratic machine.

On Nov. 7 Stokes will be elected and will thereby become the first big-city Negro mayor in the country. His opponent, Seth C. Taft, an immigrant from the suburbs and the uncontested Republican nominee, is expected to lose in a clean fight about who is best qualified to change things in a Democratic town.

27 October 1967: 103

The election will be, as the primary was, only a qualified triumph for black political power. Stokes won the primary with the absolutely necessary support of one-sixth of Cleveland's white people. In the election, he could raise the fraction to a third, perhaps more. It is fair to say, however, that the 96 percent Negro support of Stokes is a triumph of organization in a diversity of Negro communities where the usual conflicts of American opinion rage as quarrelsomely as elsewhere. Those who consider this black racism should reflect upon the racism of most whites, deliberately stimulated in Cleveland by official newsletters from the Democratic organization, and the possibility, conceded by many whites, that Stokes was and is the best-qualified candidate.

In the primary, Stokes was opposed by the Democratic machine and the Cleveland Federation of Labor. Though both have now endorsed him, Stokes has no commitments to these political and labor hacks. He has, in fact, called for the resignation of Albert S. Porter, chairman of the Democratic organization. The city government will be whatever Stokes writes on a clean slate.

Cleveland has suffered 26 years of negative administration, which began with the complacent mayoralty of Sen. Frank J. Lausche, the GOP's Democrat, back in 1941. The city is choked off by wealthy suburbs, backward industrialists, antediluvian bankers, ignorant ethnic colonies, violently restless Negro ghettos, reactionary labor leadership and irresponsible Democratic politicians. The police department of 2,200 musters just 971 constables on patrol. Public transport is sparse and expensive. There are no freeways that go anywhere. Ten square miles of the city are vacant, uninhabited or about to be abandoned, presumably for urban renewal, federal funds for which have wound up in the pockets of bureaucrats and their consultants.

Unemployment among Cleveland Negroes is, and has been for years, worse than white people ever faced, even in the Great Depression of 1929-38. Under mindless labor and industrial practice, Negroes are last in and first out. The social welfare organizations, public and private, are short of funds and brains. A battered public school system, more segregated than ever, is only just recovering from 20 years of maladministration.

The Cleveland tax base is dwindling because nearly everybody who makes a good living moves to the suburbs. The income tax is a flat one-half of one percent, bearing hardest on the poor, and what is collected from prosperous suburbanites is divided with the prosperous suburbs.

Only World War II and the Korean and Vietnam Wars have kept Cleveland's inefficient industries from collapsing altogether. Their resistance to science and technology has stamped Cleveland a loser throughout the country and the world.

A great Cleveland civic tradition exists in the minds of a few aging professors and newspapermen. They can point to discernible excellences in the arts, symphonic music,

medicine, science, engineering and higher education. But the benefits, organized by people outside Cleveland proper and supported to a surprising degree by outside funds, simply cannot be shared with most Clevelanders coming out of those Cleveland schools. Virtually everything good about Cleveland is in dangerous isolation from Cleveland's people who, by reason of money or color, or both, cannot escape to the suburbs. The city is rotting. The rot is political, social, industrial and intellectual.

The contest between Stokes and Taft, both wishing to reverse the trends, comes down to which man is better qualified to reverse them. Taft, a representative of the liberal side of the famous Taft family in Ohio, is a Republican of the Lindsay type without the Lindsay charisma. The GOP organization, a miniature model of the Democratic machine, existing largely on paper, Democratic largess and Goldwater ideas, claims 40,000 of the 326,000 voters registered for the election. For a while, the organization had Taft leading a baby elephant through the Cleveland wards, turning out Democrats interested in baby elephants. The responses to Taft's civilized remarks about housing, unemployment, crime in the streets and responsive city government came mainly from the elephant.

Stokes has now agreed to a couple of public debates with Taft, and these covered by the mass media, will be the substance of the campaign. A good debater and no stuffed shirt, Taft will meet his intellectual match. He will lose, not on points, but on charisma and just plain bad luck. The man Taft could have beaten was Locher.

Stokes is a formidable professional politician, lawyer, state legislator, debater and organizer. His organization, good in the primary, is getting better. Even as a television station was announcing his defeat, Stokes went on the air to say he would win by at least 10,000 votes. (Hundreds of poll-watchers had the basic information in his hands two hours after the polls closed.) The actual margin, as it turned out, was more than 18,000. About 17,000 whites voted for him, and he is concentrating his campaign on beefing up this constituency for the balance he'll need as the mayor of all the people.

Stokes expects to throw out the entire Locher cabinet. He will also remove Chief of Police Richard Wagner whose public remarks on various matters, especially capital punishment for Negroes, suggest he is edging into senility (and Wagner was not very bright to begin with). After the Hough riots in which Wagner issued orders while gesturing with a hunting rifle, he put the entire force into white crash helmets as if on permanent riot duty. Everybody got the message. Stokes will pick Wagner's successor from among the four top officers in the department, all white. He says Negroes will receive no special favors or discriminations under his administration. Some whites and all Negroes believe him. JOHN BARDEN

(John Barden is Staff Writer for Science and Technology at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland.)

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

New York

The new Constitution will be presented to the voters as a single document (rather than separate articles, as was originally proposed) in the November election. And there it will be defeated, despite the nearly unanimous conviction that the old charter is an exercise in legal horror.

Already the *New York Times* and the *New York Post* have urged their readers to vote down the new constitution; Congressman Theodore Kupferman has come out against it; but very few people are even aware of it, due to scanty coverage by the press. To rub it in, opponents in the Convention managed to fix it so that the Constitution is placed last in a series of special questions on the same ballot.

Why the opposition? The Constitution's greatest enemy, besides the general intellectual sclerosis common to New Yorkers, is an article from the old Constitution, the "Blaine Amendment," that was not carried over to the new. The operative clause of the Blaine Amendment (first adopted in 1894, and included in every re-write since) states that "neither the state nor any subdivision thereof shall use any public money, directly or indirectly, in aid or maintenance of any institution of learning wholly or in part under the direction of any religious denomination . . ." This amendment was aimed primarily at Catholic parochial schools, or at their purse, in the interests of progressive education and the separation of Church and State. Supporters of the Blaine Amendment still base their position on the "separation of Church and State" argument, and, quite properly, point out that if the new Constitution is passed, Catholic parochial schools will likely receive public monies.

Quite naturally, Catholics and other opponents of Blaine lobbied extensively at the Constitutional Convention, under the auspices of Citizens for Educational Freedom (CEF); the supporters of Blaine, on the other hand, remained scattered, without a central organizational effort to assist them. But the lobbying efforts of the

CEF do not tell the whole story, and neither does “bloc voting.” All 65 of the delegates who listed their religion as Catholicism voted against Blaine, to be sure; but so did two-thirds of the Jews. Only the Protestants (most of them from up-state rural areas) mustered their majority in favor of retention: 30 out of 47. The final vote to repeal was 131 to 50, or nearly 2½ to 1.

Both the *Post* and the *Times* base their objection to the new Constitution on the single issue of Blaine. The *Post*, for example, declared the new Constitution “retrogressive on so basic a principle as Church-State separation.” The *Times* worried that “pressure” had won out over principle. Each paper had other objections, but stated that their main concern was with the crumbling wall between the public and the Church.

Now, it is at this point that one's faith in the reason and common sense of man begins to sour. For neither the *Post* nor the *Times* mentions (although we presume they are aware) that the Blaine Amendment, the great bulwark of Church-State separation, was replaced by a word-for-word recitation of the First Amendment to the U. S. Constitution: the state "shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

Now, if the First Amendment is, as the *Post* inadvertently states and the *Times* implies, "retrogressive" on the subject of Church and State, all the decisions that center on this issue, from the school prayer decision to the Blaine Amendment itself, stand on rather shaky ground, for they are all based on that very wording.

Apparently, the Constitutional Convention agreed, and decided to accept no substitutes for the real thing; it simply lifted the wording that has served, more or less, to define the precise location of the "wall" between Church and State. The wording is ambiguous, to be sure: the Supreme Court has yet to apply it to the 1965 Federal Elementary and Secondary Education Act, which permits aid directly to parochial school children. The Court could rule either way: its "school prayer" decision suggests that if consistency is still a value in this world the 1965 Act will have to be amended. But however the Court rules, it would seem that what is good enough for the rest of the country should be good enough for New York as well: writing the federal First Amendment directly in the state Constitution insures that what the Court decides will, indeed, be adequate and permissible in New York State.

But the course of ethnic politics never runs smoothly, particularly here in the melting pot, and New York seems ready to decide that the federal Constitution is not ade-

quate to shore up the wall between the public and the clergy. Why? Clearly it is something more than Constitutional scruples.

The presence of a general religious orientation does not seem to be the source of concern. Can anyone deny that arguments about public aid to religious education eventually fall back on arguments about the *quality* of that education, especially if it is *Catholic* education? The quality, of course, is always held to be inferior. Just what "inferior" might mean in the context of the New York Public School System (where the I.Q. of ghetto students declines each year they remain in the system) is anybody's guess. It is a fool's contest: New York schools are inferior, period, and there is really very little better or worse about it. (Indeed, the greatest tragedy is that, in all the controversy over who gets what in whatever schools the fact that *no one* gets enough for education has been ignored.)

But by "inferior," people mean "religious," and by "religious" they usually mean obscurantist, irrational and unscientific: in short, medieval. This notion in turn leans for support upon a more general theory about education. This theory holds that "public" education must

mirror the "public" ideology. Since the public ideology is secular, the public schools must be secular also. It goes farther and makes a judgment about the *quality* of the secular faith. Here Reason, Science and Method stand opposed to Dogma, Revelation and Scripture. Clearly, an unequal battle, toward which the good child of the 20th century cannot remain neutral.

That this is a caricature—that the public faith has as little contact with reason as the religious faith has with revelation—is apparent to anyone who has had any contact with either. But it is a touching faith, and it has behind it all the enthusiasm of the sixteenth century. However, it seems a little irrelevant to today's world, where the follies seem to be fairly evenly divided between heathen and believer alike. Nevertheless, it is widely held among the ruling class of New York City, which prides itself on its hard-headed secular wisdom. Those who think New York a successful child of secular wisdom out of rational science will probably vote to retain Blaine and shore up the wall between Truth and Unreason. Others, however, will have their doubts.

DENNIS HALE

(Dennis Hale teaches political science at Brooklyn College and is an editor of *The Activist*.)



WATERING THE GRASSROOTS

THE DUMP-JOHNSON MOVEMENT

Richard N. Goodwin, a foreign policy advisor to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, recently delivered a cogent and bitter critique of American policy in Southeast Asia to a group of students. After the applause settled, a member of the audience asked Goodwin if he would oppose President Johnson in 1968.

"I'm a Democrat," was the answer, "and I will support the President." A wave of hisses rolled in from the audience, like air being released from a giant tire. "SSSSSS to you," Goodwin shot back, "wait until you grow up and become politicians. It's not so easy."

The incident illustrates the major problem facing the small but zealous band of Democrats who have decided that the only way to end the war in Vietnam is to dump Lyndon B. Johnson from the party's ticket next year. It is essentially such an outlandish idea that most practical politicians—especially those with something to gain from the party—will not consider backing it.

Wayne Morse, one of the two Senators to oppose the Gulf of Tonkin resolution, has already announced his support of the President. So has Robert F. Kennedy, the man many of Johnson's foes would prefer as the candidate. Americans for Democratic Action has deferred consideration of a dump-Johnson move and its national chairman, Prof. John Kenneth Galbraith, has pointedly refused to endorse efforts to retire the President to the Pedernales. At

a recent meeting in Manhattan to organize an anti-Johnson movement no officeholder higher than state senator appeared. The influential officials whose august presence was announced included Aaron Schwab, a trustee of Westchester County north of New York City.

If the anti-Johnson campaign does not have the professional politicians at this point, it also lacks the support of the professional radicals. The Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (which H. Rap Brown predicts will fold in six months for lack of funds) and Students for a Democratic Society see little purpose in electoral politics they feel only perpetuates a corrupt and repressive system. Indeed, there was hardly a black face out of the several thousand at the New York meeting. Much of the crowd were actually refugees from the civil rights movement, which does not want them, and the peace movement, which has dissolved in the corrosive frustrations of continued escalation. Dumping LBJ seems to be this year's Freedom Ride, the publicity-grabbing liberal cause.

The organizers of the dump-Johnson campaign continue to believe they can succeed. They see great hope in the opinion polls, which show increasing support for such Republicans as Nelson Rockefeller and rapidly decreasing support for the war. Moreover, they say they have received a flood of mail and phone calls from all over the country expressing support.

Allard K. Lowenstein, one of the campaign's organizers, told the New York meeting that a "grass roots" drive could defeat Lyndon Johnson without the help of established politicians. Lowenstein, who helped form the Mississippi Freedom Democrats and many other progressive political operations in the last 15 years, noted that the Stevenson campaigns had a good candidate, effective organization and adequate finances. But they failed, he said, because they were out of tune with the mood of the country.

"Today we have the mood with us," he said, "and I'd rather have that than anything else."

The campaign strategy is still fluid. It hopes to elect convention delegates who oppose the President in every state with an open primary or local convention. The most encouraging sign in that direction has been the Los Angeles *Times* poll, which last month reported that a delegate slate in California pledged to Johnson would defeat a "peace delegation" by only 42 per cent to 39 per cent, with 19 per cent still undecided.

Then one of two things would happen. First, Johnson could drop out rather than risk defeat. (A lady behind me at the New York meeting kept muttering "I hope he has a coronary.") The organizers keep reinforcing their claims to sanity by pointing to Truman's decision to quit after Kefauver beat him in New Hampshire in 1952.

Second, they say, an alternative candidate would "emerge" as it became clear Johnson was universally despised. Who that might be is the major question the organizers do not answer. Many privately confess that only Robert Kennedy would have a chance; others mention Senators Eugene McCarthy and George McGovern. Pub-

licly Lowenstein only quotes Stevenson: "If I have no answer when I come to that bridge I'll jump off it."

It should be noted that few of the organizers believe the Republicans have enough sense to nominate a palatable candidate; fewer still believe LBJ will make enough progress toward peace to obviate the need for the campaign.

At present it is still difficult to take the campaign seriously. As much as the leaders deride it, "you can't beat someone with no one" remains a valid maxim.

Moreover, the leaders may be deluded about the breadth of their support. A few phone calls from Idaho sound impressive, but they do not make an organization. More likely, they are an enormous number of people who find the dump-Johnson campaign the best answer to their tormenting frustrations over the war especially since so few can believe that public demonstrations make any difference. One leaflet even promises volunteers that they will "Experience the good feeling of working for what you believe in."

That frustration does exist, however—in large, untapped pools that grow bigger all the time. It is still a long way from being harnessed for effective political action. But if it does nothing else, the dump-Johnson campaign could arouse and organize this dissatisfaction to the point where it would exert continuing and unavoidable pressure on the President. Such pressure might not depose Johnson, but it might keep him from starting a Third World War.

STEVEN V. ROBERTS

(*Steven V. Roberts is a political reporter for the New York Times and a frequent contributor to periodicals.*)



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE SURTAX SCRIMMAGE

The great tax debate between President Johnson and the Congress is more a study in politics than it is an argument over economics.

President Johnson never really expected to get his tax increase approved by Congress. He knew from the outset that 40 to 60 reactionary Southern Democrats were certain to vote against the bill since they vote against almost all of his domestic programs. With the Democrats having only 248 seats in the House, the bill could not pass unless he picked up offsetting Republican votes. But taxes are a highly partisan issue on which even the most rebellious Republican usually stays on the reservation.

"Jack Kennedy couldn't even get the House Republicans to vote for a tax cut," a former White House aide pointed out recently.

House Republicans not only opposed the tax reduction which was recommended by President Kennedy in 1963 and finally enacted the following year but they also initially

resisted the investment credit which was the greatest tax goody enacted for business in many years.

Looking ahead to next year's campaign, President Johnson felt constrained to ask for a tax increase despite the adverse climate in Congress. Since a deficit of nearly \$30 billion is likely in the fiscal year ending next June 30, a deficit far bigger than the record set by President Eisenhower's administration in 1959, he needed a political "out." If there is inflation and a huge deficit next year, he can defend himself before the voters by arguing that he asked for a deflationary tax increase but Congress would not approve it. This is not the ideal political riposte but it is better than nothing.

In purely political terms, President Johnson would like to have the tax bill brought to the floor and voted up or down. He would then have a roll call vote to which he could point as proof of Republican fiscal irresponsibility. But no such roll call is possible because the bill is under

the firm grip of Representative Wilbur Mills, a Harvard-educated small town lawyer and Arkansas Democrat who is the canny, close-mouthed chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee.

Correspondents in the House Press Gallery study Mills with the assiduous interest that Kremlinologists devote to the placing of members of the Soviet hierarchy in the reviewing stand for the May Day parade. No correspondent pretends to be a friend or intimate of Mills, but close study of his record during the more than eight years that he has been chairman has led to a few conclusions. One is that his ruling obsession is avoidance of defeat on the floor. President Johnson might welcome an adverse roll call, but Representative Mills is determined that he will not lose on any bill of which he is the floor manager. Rather than risk a defeat, he keeps bills stalemated in his committee. That is the fate of the tax bill.

In stressing the political aspects of this controversy, I do not intend to suggest that there are not good economic and other arguments on each side. By recommending a tax increase, President Johnson was following the advice of both William McChesney Martin, the stiffnecked chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, and the orthodox Wall Street bankers and of the liberal "new economists" who believe that tax rates should go down when the economy is sluggish and rise when, as now, it is too exuberant. For his part, Representative Mills is a conservative, but he is not an unintelligent or unreasonable reactionary. He would like someday to preside over a comprehensive reform of the entire internal revenue code which would make it simpler, more equitable, and, in some ways, more progressive. It was he who asked President Kennedy to ask for mild tax reforms as well as a tax reduction in 1963. But Mills recognizes that this is not the time for a major overhaul of tax law, and Mr. Johnson knows that economic arguments, whether orthodox or liberal, are rarely persuasive with congressmen. As Senator Sam Ervin, North Carolina Democrat, remarked: "I don't think many of the voters in North Carolina are theoretical economists."

Under these circumstances, the President and Mills are not economic hypocrites when they act as political realists. Moreover, the coalition of Southern Tories and united, partisan Republicans which has assumed control of the House this year follows a line that makes nonsense of any kind of serious economic argument. The coalition wants the President to cut domestic spending by \$5 billion as a prerequisite for a tax increase. But, of course, if spending were trimmed enough, the deficit would be smaller, so would the threat of inflation, and the case for higher taxes would be weaker. President Johnson's logical comeback should have been that the United States, if it would tax itself adequately, is rich enough to finance civilian programs and to pay for a sizable war in Southeast Asia. He did not take that line because on the basis of public opinion polls and talks with visitors from around the country, he had become convinced that the public was not buying his

idea that we can have both guns and butter. He decided instead to conciliate Congress by promising to cut the budget by \$2 billion once Congress had approved the appropriation bills. When the House reduced the money for the space program by \$500 million, he accepted the cut and asked the Senate to go along.

Conciliation, however, is rarely a successful tactic in dealing with the conservative coalition. One concession only whets the appetite for another. What the conservatives would really like, as Representative Mills made clear in one of his rare public statements, is for the President to re-evaluate all existing domestic programs and get the trend of government spending heading downward. This is as impossible for Lyndon Johnson as it was for Harry Truman when Harry Flood Byrd and other right-wing economists used to make the same demand. A growing population in an ever more complex urban setting requires larger and more varied public services. The Johnson Administration could reverse the upward trend of government only by stultifying itself and abandoning all the programs in education, housing, health, mass transit, conservation and other fields, which it worked so hard to enact.

On an economic basis, there is no reason for the Administration to yield to this demand. Since the gross national product increases substantially every year, there is more disposable wealth. Although expenditures for domestic programs have risen in absolute terms, they have actually declined slightly over the past five years as a proportion of national income. Many items that have risen—interest on the national debt, pensions and medical care for veterans, government salaries, and the politically sacrosanct farm program—are impossible to reduce.

The situation is complicated in Congress because the liberal Democrats still have a working majority in the Senate. (It is not likely to survive next year's election.) As a result, the Senate not only approves the President's money requests but actually increases them. The coalition in the House voted to send the appropriation bill for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare back to conference a second time because the total was still higher than the President had asked. The Senate raised the authorization for the antipoverty program and a similar counterattack can be expected in the House.

In the best of all possible worlds, some money, perhaps even \$5 billion, could be sweated out of the budget by dropping or postponing many dubious projects such as the supersonic transport, the "thin defense" of antiballistic missiles, and the subsidies to corporate farms. But in the real world of Capitol Hill, reductions, if any, will only hit the antipoverty program, foreign aid, and a few other easy victims. After much scrimmaging, there will be no tax increase, mild inflation, and appropriations will be at about the level Mr. Johnson asked for last January. Whether he will gain politically from the tax increase that never was or the Republicans from their votes against "wild spending," next year's election will tell. WILLIAM V. SHANNON

TEILHARD'S GAMBLE



Betting on the whole human species

THOMAS MERTON

It is neither difficult nor unusual to contrast the optimism of Teilhard de Chardin with the pessimism of Pascal, yet the two have much in common. Not only did they both come from the central mountains of France, the Auvergne; not only were they both scientists who reacted as Christians to the scientific revolutions of their times; they also constructed apologetic syntheses which they felt would revive the faith of their contemporaries. Both were creative spirits as adventurous as they were gifted. Both reacted forcefully against the dead inertia of merely conventional Christianity. Both were controversial figures, venerated by some as prophets and mystics, execrated by others as heretics or religious cranks. Both recognized the urgent need for a restatement of familiar truths in a language viable for a new religious consciousness.

Of course, Pascal did not, like Teilhard, create a whole new vocabulary. He spoke the language of his time. Confronting the "infinite spaces" opened up by the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo, the vastness of a universe in which tiny man seemed lost, he urged the Christian to gamble with his existential freedom and make the wager of faith in the solitude of his own heart. Teilhard, facing the ongoing and openended process of evolution—adduced by some as a final proof of the unimportance of man—proceeded to put man right back into the center of the picture. In each case, the Christian answer to a quantitative conception of man in the world was a reaffirmation of value and quality. For Pascal, this centered in the personal freedom of the individual believer; for Teilhard in

the collective freedom of persons committed to a common task of "planetization."

Even though Teilhard seeks to base his cosmic and "Christic" humanism on scientific evidence, it is ultimately a wager something like Pascal's. Teilhard does not reach his grandiose conclusions by sheer induction: on the contrary, it all starts with an intuitive and global illumination, elaborated into a scientific mystique. Pascal gambles on the individual's relation with Christ in faith. In other words, he bets that since man needs a Savior he must really have one. Teilhard gambles on God's need for man, since without man God's creative plan cannot be fulfilled. Without man, God's face cannot be fully manifest in his evolving creation. Man has an inescapable inner need to be the locus of the divine epiphany, because in him the universe has at last become conscious of itself. And "the universe by structural necessity cannot disappoint the consciousness it produces."

Evolution and Man

The whole structure of Teilhard's "religious thought," which is the subject of de Lubac's new book about him, *The Religion of Teilhard de Chardin* (Desclee), is based on this contention that evolution has made man once again the center of the universe, not spatially, not metaphysically, but in Teilhard's word, "structurally." "Man is the hub of the universe," "the structural key to the universe." Hence for Teilhard it is not only religion but science itself which declares that "man is the key and not an anomaly" in the world of evolution. For "man is the greatest telluric and biological event on our planet," and "the supreme achievement of the organizing power of the cosmos." Consequently man is "the key to the whole science of nature" and the "solution of everything

THOMAS MERTON (*Father Louis, O.C.S.O.*) is a poet, critic and author of several books, most recently, *Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander* (Doubleday) and *Mystics and Zen Masters* (Farrar, Straus).

that we can know." This is the principal challenge of Teilhard to the thought of his time, and it is a challenge which, implemented by a cosmic and incarnational mystique, is directed against scientific positivism more than against the traditional theology of the Church. Indeed, one would have expected the scientists to dismiss Teilhard's thesis as reactionary even more emphatically than the theologians who fought it as revolutionary. But scientists were on the whole more friendly to Teilhard than theologians.

It is certainly true that the immense popularity of Teilhard is due in part to the censorship which strove to keep his writings out of reach. The censors themselves did more than anyone else to confer upon Teilhard the aura of charismatic authority which he enjoys among those who are fed up with indexes and inquisitions. And now Teilhard is doubly fortunate in having one of the best theologians of his Order, Father de Lubac—who also bears a few scars from the days of *Humani Generis*—to vouch for the perfect orthodoxy of his doctrine, at least in its basic orientation.

The title of the translation, *The Religion of Teilhard de Chardin*, is perhaps unfortunate. "Religion" in English does not properly render *pensée religieuse*. Why does de Lubac announce his intention to study the "religious thinking" rather than the "theology" of Teilhard? De Lubac is all the more ready to admit that Teilhard is "not a theologian or a philosopher" because he considers this in some respects an advantage. Teilhard was, like Pascal, the kind of religious genius who fell outside the ordinary



categories and who would have been hampered in his creative originality if he had had to fit his thought into strictly technical limitations. True, this had disadvantages also. Teilhard's thought is in some respects undisciplined and confusing to the theologian, open perhaps to grave misinterpretation by the layman. His new language is not always felicitous, and is sometimes tedious, sometimes even comic, as de Lubac freely admits. Nevertheless Teilhard is a genius, a unique and providential combination of the scientist and the mystic.

De Lubac accepts without question that Teilhard is a true mystic, that his basic intuitions are entirely and profoundly Catholic, and that his shortcomings are purely incidental matters of expression. As an expert in Origen

and the Greek Fathers, de Lubac indicates the deep affinities between Teilhard and the Alexandrians. One regrets that he does so only in passing: this is a theme which could be profitably developed. But de Lubac is concerned with the more urgent business of showing that there is nothing suspect in Teilhard. He does so fairly successfully, in so far as he concentrates on the "religious thinking" of Teilhard especially in its practical consequences for the Christian life. This book is in reality a summa of Teilhard's spiritual doctrine: his teaching on the ascetic and mystical life in the context of his evolutionary and incarnational cosmogony. This teaching is centered in one of Teilhard's most indisputably classic works, *The Divine Milieu*, but de Lubac also draws on many other documents, including much that has not appeared in print. The only sources *not* quoted are the "most intimate" letters which reflect Teilhard's difficulties with his superiors and which remain classified. (De Lubac intimates that they will only prove more thoroughly Teilhard's fidelity to traditional ideas of religious obedience.)

At Point of Change

Teilhard's religious thought and spiritual doctrine center in his theory of man's present task on earth. According to his estimate of the evolutionary process, man is now at a point of decisive and revolutionary change: a point as crucial as that when, a million odd years ago, human consciousness broke through and man ceased to be an ape. But the point at which we now stand—the point at which we are about to enter a "collective Christic superconsciousness" and a higher civilization—has not only a human but also a decisively spiritual character: one might almost say it is a mystical and eschatological event, except that this does not correspond accurately to Teilhard's way of speaking. "History is about to fuse with the transcendent," Teilhard would say. Cosmic evolution is reaching the point of "convergence" upon a "personal center." In fact we are already in year eleven of the Noosphere! (I don't know how seriously we are meant to take Teilhard's assertion that the Noosphere would begin in the Geophysical year of 1957.) We are entering upon the "planetization of mankind." Man is ready for "totalization" in a collective task. He must use science and technology to humanize and spiritualize matter, thus preparing it for the advent of Christ. "The whole process of hominization is simply a preparation of the final Parousia." We are now called to "fundamental oneness," to a collaborative task, to "master the universe, to examine its secrets, to become one with all men in a higher community in which conscious minds will be illuminated by convergence in which consciousness will have freed or penetrated all matter." Teilhardian man is then not lost and alone in a threatening cosmos, but at home in a happy world which is entirely his and which Christ is waiting for him to transform. "Christ is waiting

to reappear until the human collectivity has become capable . . . of receiving from him its supernatural consummation." Teilhardian man is one who gambles entirely on the future. He is a "pilgrim of the future," and he refuses to be diverted from his pilgrimage even by the H-bomb which Teilhard found very inspiring: it was only a manifestation of the spirit and the "dawn of a Christic neo-energy."

Clearly, the Teilhardian wager is as much a gamble as Pascal's. Perhaps it is more of a gamble. Pascal's existential thinking confines itself to the area of individual freedom, and the individual can decide his own spiritual destiny! Teilhard has hocked everything and bet it on the whole human species. He has done so at a moment when the odds seem somewhat long against the kind of runaway win he anticipates. Teilhard does not seem to notice the wounds of mendacity and hatred which have been inexorably deepened in man by his practice of technological warfare, totalitarianism and genocide. Certainly we can sympathize with the admirable innocence of his hope. But is it as he believes, and as de Lubac concurs, a completely valid extrapolation of Bible eschatology? Is Teilhard so convinced that he bet right, that he obstinately refuses to see any possibility of losing? At times, the Teilhardian synthesis seems to demand nothing short of blind faith in predetermined evolutionary success: the Noosphere is here, the super-consciousness is dawning and—this de Lubac neglected to add—the armies of Mao marching on Peking in 1951 were seen by Teilhard as the vanguard of a new humanity. Everything is already in the bag. You can't lose: "It would be easier to halt the turning of the earth than it would be to prevent the totalization of mankind."

There are moments when Teilhard does not regard the successful issue of evolution as completely predetermined in every detail. There is an option, and it is "the Great Option." The issue does depend partially on man's choice. The ascetic and mystical teaching of Teilhard is then entirely oriented to this choice: "to win the world of science for Christ," "to transfigure the agonizing immensity of the world into a center of loving energy," and "produce the organism of the total Christ." The wrong choice is described now as a "refusal of progression," and a withdrawal, a regression into "fusion" and inertia, cowardly annihilation of consciousness in pantheist mysticism, or else as a "Faustian individualism," a tenacious fixation on selfish interest, whether private or national, and a consequent refusal to "converge." But with his evolutionist perspective, Teilhard seems to take for granted that in the long run these refusals of individuals and groups will only contribute to the success of the whole process. The human race, as such will, he feels, decide against entropy, and enter into the superconscious life.

The great question is not whether this hope is laudable, but whether it is purely and simply the theological hope of the Gospels and of the Church. With all his ad-

miration for Teilhard, de Lubac does not go so far as to say that. He has many reservations about Teilhard's religious teaching, his style and its perspectives. But he accepts the Teilhardian wager as a *legitimate extrapolation* of Christian revelation in a modern context. Teilhard, in his estimation, has made an inspired guess and has built upon it a mystique of hope, which may well be of vital importance in our time. But de Lubac also admits that the enthusiasm of Teilhardians—and their overanxiety to be super-modern—has blinded them to two facts. Teilhard is not really as revolutionary as he himself thought, and one of the defects of Teilhardism is precisely its tendency to black and white schematization, a naive polarization of "yesterday" and "tomorrow." The only harsh word de Lubac has for Teilhard is that he was too complacent about his own originality and that he neglected to learn from predecessors he would have agreed with, had he but known them: "his knowledge of Christian thought throughout the centuries was never more than elementary."



NANCY PRICE

DAY LILY

The lily keeps honey in her wide-lipped well;
bees let themselves down, heavy and eager,
they sway with her on her stalk.

When they climb out, they are pollen-yellow;
before dark, each in its narrow cell
rubs down its bright black fur.

Down in the lily, white is gold now;
folding, the great, wet bell
wrings herself closed in the last light.



A. L. LAZARUS

GRANDFATHER

You, Morris Lazarus,
Talmud scholar
and gentlemen's tailor,
denizen of ghettos
in London and Boston,
when you finally lectured
at Cambridge, swaying
in your exegesis of I-thou,
when you unraveled the threads,
did the divinity students
divine the incredible whole cloth
of your own denouement?

WARREN COFFEY

Nursery. That's where the most terrific battles get fought. Weston thinks so too. (Some of the best things in the book are lifted right from Virginia. She's such a great *writer*.) Had sex with C. . . .

1932

This whole island and everything in it—except E.M.—is getting so insufferably vile. I just hope when the New Gang comes in they'll march all those dons and ruggers and home secretaries into the Albert Hall and make them perform every possible sex act in pairs and then squads. Not the Working Class though because Weston says they're all very sweet, and I know Nan was a dear except she rather stank. (I've been reading Marx. He's so *grand* and *cross*! But he does *scold* a lot and seems a bit insensitive to Personal Relationships, and besides he's not very Open. Query Weston.) Had sex with B. In front of the mirror.

1936

Germany is utterly terrific. Had sex with A., who is the most *unsuburban* person I've ever met, I don't care what anybody says. A. Can be very naughty on some subjects, which makes Weston get into a rage. But Weston was always so *political* anyway. For me, the main thing is Staying Open like E.M., especially in all Personal Relationships. And writing a bit and painting a bit and having a place for oneself, even if it's a *pokey* little place. . . .

1938

Weston is back from Spain. He says it's all up with Europe. He was very *cross* when I told him about A. Weston says we must have a *war* with fascism. He was *sterner* than I've ever known him. Weston is so *grand* when he's *stern* I never can resist him. I don't know how I'll break it off with A. though. Maybe just a ribald little good-bye note. (Probably my best qualities are that I'm so boyish and amusing and say naughty things.) I do hope A. won't be *bitchy* because I *so* dislike all unpleasantness and anyway A. has been getting into utterly terrific rages lately and seems less and less Open and *insists* on going around in horrid *brown*.

1939

Weston, who has such a *way* of being right, has called

Commonweal: 112

the turn again. We're in the War. Stephen has joined a *divine* fire brigade in the Tottenham Court Road. The helmets are absolutely *crack*. E.M. spoke on the wireless last night. He gave two cheers for democracy. We all felt so *braced* afterward. Had a sex pick-up in the Tube.

1940

Hollywood is terrifically amusing. I had been rather depressed the last few weeks thinking about the war and all the hatefulness. And Mum and Nan and E.M. and England, such dears all of them really. Gerald said I shouldn't be depressed though. He says the whole world is just passing through a patch of bad Karma now. When he put it that way I really saw the *religious* dimension for the first time. Gerald is a lot like E.M. He just sits there drinking mango juice and being so terrifically great. I really think it's people like Gerald and E.M. who are

doing the really essential jobs in this war-time and carrying us all through this bad Karma.

1960

I'm writing a little book about just one day in the life of a man after the person he loves has died. George realizes he must somehow pick up the pieces and go on living after Emil gets hit by a train. The writing is very *lyrical*, with a lot about Maya and Yin and Yang. Gerald helped with the *metaphysics*. I felt dreadfully *major* and even a teensy bit afraid because up to now I've just been so boyish and amusing. The book has nothing as naughty as that *saucy* Greek boy who *would* bugger the chicken in my last one, though I still think Personal Relationships are important. And Staying Open and having a place of one's own, even if it is a *rickety* old place. (Had sex with D. In the Lotus Position.)

The chiliastic George Steiner

THE DOOM-HAUNTED PRODIGY



DAVID LITTLEJOHN

In 1959, at 30, George Steiner took on the immense rhetorical question of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky*. In 1961, he brought his formidable critical arsenal to a still larger proposition, *The Death of Tragedy*. Now, Director of English Studies at Churchill College, Cambridge, he confronts the whole Western world of literacy, morality and communication, past, present and future.

"Now" is not quite right. *Language and Silence* (Atheneum) is a collection of 31 essays written between 1958 and 1966 (all but ten of them since 1963), including his notorious *Encounter* polemics on pornographic literature and Hitler's murder of the German language. Included in the book are introductions to paperback editions of Mérimée's stories and of Mann's *Felix Krull*; contributions to *Festschriften* honoring Ernst Bloch and Georg Lukács; a program note to the Covent Garden production of Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron*. At least ten of the essays began as book reviews.

And yet one can fairly talk of the book as a whole, as a single and coherent presentation. It bears everywhere the mark of Steiner's compulsive, even obsessive imagination; it is woven into a tight web of argument, the same strands recurring and crossing, reinforced and refined in every essay; and it is illuminated by a large, apocalyptic vision. Some of the essays I thought brilliant, most provocative, two or three small classics; several terribly cheap. But

what moved me most of all in the reading was not this or that insight, but the experience of, the encounter with George Steiner himself: the gradual revelation of this extraordinary man, *his* imagination, *his* argument, *his* vision.

He was, first, and remains a literary prodigy, a perfect representative of his own favorite type, the "Central European Humanist." Steiner seems professionally familiar with Greek, Latin, Italian, American and, of course, German, French and English, language and literature; and at least Russian literature. (He quotes, without translating, Spanish, Italian and German, as well as French; a small hurdle for the less gifted.) The "distinctive note of wide, passionate allusion" is everywhere evident. He writes with assurance of history and politics, with some temerity of music, several sciences and the visual arts, and with a flourish of uncertain expertise on anthropology, sociology and economics. As a schoolboy, he tells us, he devoured each issue of *Scrutiny*; as a small child, he confesses, he puzzled over the identity of Homer, Christ and Shakespeare. There are 709 proper names in his index. The breadth of cultural relevance is invigorating, the prodigious erudition can be a spur to one's own sluggish parochialism. But they can also degenerate into name-dropping snobbery ("he discloses no awareness of Neugebauer"), into a nervous dilettantism, into a solipsistic bullying that labels as "illiteracy" any cultural equipment less heavyweight than one's own.

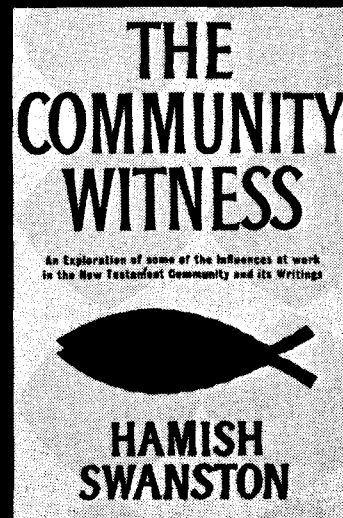
More profound and extraordinary than his erudition is

DAVID LITTLEJOHN teaches in the English Department at the University of California at Berkeley.

27 October 1967: 113

SHEED & WARD

From the publisher whose books
and authors
are always in the
vanguard of
religious thought

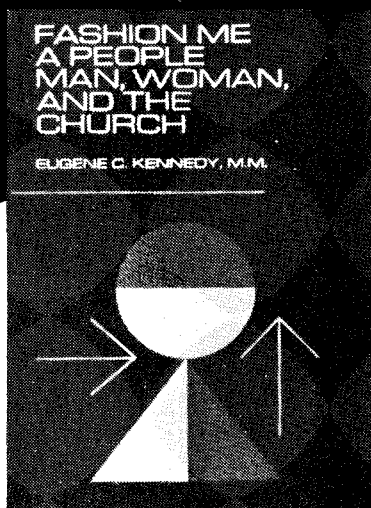
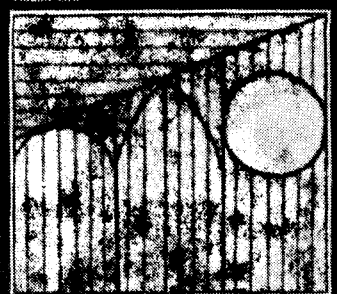


Theological Soundings

Revelation and Theology

E. SCHILLEBEECKX, O.P.

Volume One



REVELATION AND THEOLOGY, Volume 1

By EDWARD SCHILLEBEECKX, O.P. Since the Reformation few issues have caused deeper division and misunderstanding between Protestants and Catholics than the nature and sources of divine revelation. The relationship between Scripture and Tradition is a front on which ecumenical theology is today making important advances. The author of *Christ the Sacrament of the Encounter with God* explores this and related questions fundamental to renewed theology.

\$5.95

FASHION ME A PEOPLE Man, Woman, and the Church

By EUGENE C. KENNEDY, M.M. What is the *real* crisis in the Church? Immaturity, Father Kennedy says, and in this challenging new book he offers concrete suggestions whereby a new maturity—in individual Catholics and in the Church as an institution—may be achieved. "Father Kennedy's authority and reputation as a distinguished psychologist give the book a weight which will assure its acceptance by responsible Christians."—*The Kirkus Service*.

\$4.50

THE COMMUNITY WITNESS

By HAMISH F. G. SWANSTON. For the first time in English, a very readable presentation by a university professor of how the early Christian community formed the New Testament to spread the "good news" to Jew and Gentile. Father Swanston is particularly concerned with relating the views of the early Church on Baptism and the Eucharist to the needs of the post-Conciliar Church. THE COMMUNITY WITNESS is one of those rare books that bring to the general reader the fruits of the best scriptural scholarship.

\$4.95

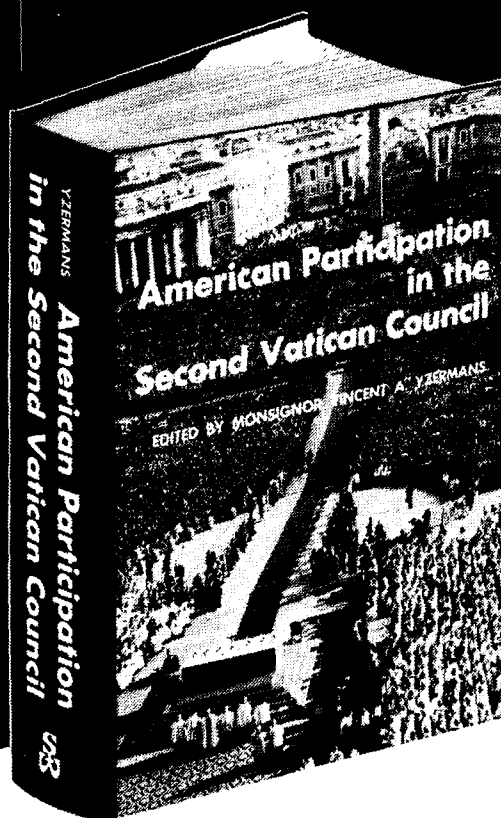


At your bookstore

SHEED & WARD, New York, N.Y. 10003

SHEED & WARD

An "indispensable" volume that reveals the full role of the American Catholic hierarchy in an event which has left its stamp on the entire world



American Participation in the Second Vatican Council

by VINCENT A. YZERMANS

DR. ALBERT C. OUTLER of Southern Methodist University, an official Council Observer for four years, writes: "Monsignor Yzermans had a rare opportunity for immediate access to Vatican Council 'news.' But much more importantly, he had a unique connection with the American bishops and access to the text of their 'interventions,' oral and written. This last makes his book quite incomparable among the Vatican II histories we've had so far. Nobody else has been able to make the point that Monsignor Yzermans makes by specific citations—that the American bishops' participation and influence in the Council was even more extensive and effective than the *Council Day-book* shows because of their written interventions on most of the issues up for debate.

"Monsignor Yzermans' book is literally indispensable. It re-presents the role of the American hierarchy in the Council in a fashion that is both candid and complete. It deserves the widest possible audience."

This superbly produced volume provides the record where all who are interested in the Council can find authentic answers to their questions. For example:

How would the issues of religious liberty, war and peace, anti-semitism and liturgical reform have fared without the influence of the American hierarchy?

How effective were the spiritual leaders of the American Church—the third largest and most richly endowed Roman Catholic community in the world?

Who became the unofficial but acknowledged leader of the American bishops?

Here, for the first time, are all of the "interventions" spoken or written by the American bishops. In addition to this unique collection of texts, Monsignor Yzermans—editor of *Our Sunday Visitor* and author of numerous books and articles—has provided an historical introduction to every document.

AMERICAN PARTICIPATION IN THE SECOND VATICAN COUNCIL is both an incomparable contribution to the history of the Church . . . and a work of lively, engrossing human interest. It is indeed an "indispensable" account of what many observers have called "the most important single religious event of the twentieth century." To make it available to the wide audience which is sure to welcome it, this splendid volume (which will make a superb Christmas gift) is offered—for a limited time only—at a special price.



At your bookstore. 672 pages, indexed. Special price through December 31, 1967: \$14.95. Thereafter: \$16.50
SHEED & WARD, New York, N.Y. 10003

Steiner's imagination—an imagination doom-haunted, of tragic and cosmic depth, furnished in a manner as personal as Di Chiricho's or Dostoevsky's.

First, of the past: he is obsessed by a private nightmare of the Nazi death and torture camps, and, correspondingly, by a troubled sense of his own Jewish identity. He grants that his "remembrance of disaster" is "perhaps literary, perhaps masochistic"; "that which haunts me and controls my habits of feeling strikes many . . . as remotely sinister and artificial." And yet he insists, frequently, that we should all be similarly obsessed ("Men are accomplices to that which leaves them indifferent") and ridden with guilt. He berates himself that at the time of the Warsaw Ghetto, "I was fed, beyond my need, and slept warm, and was silent." He was also 11-years-old. He traces feelings similar to his own in Trotsky, Kafka, Schoenberg, and the Anglo-American poet Sylvia Plath. "Was there latent in Sylvia Plath's sensibility, as in that of many of us who remember only by fiat of imagination, a fearful envy, a dim resentment at not having been there, of having missed the rendezvous with hell?"

Secondly, of the present: young, cosmopolitan, and something of a "high journalist," Steiner has a compulsive love/hate relationship with Now. He cannot leave it alone, cannot remain unaware of or uninvolved in each new piece of *actualités*: the new pornographers, happenings, Camp, Lévi-Strauss, Marshall McLuhan, random music, computer logic. It may be nervous, even neurotic; but it is no mere display of intellectual *chic*. He honestly wants to contain what matters of the present.

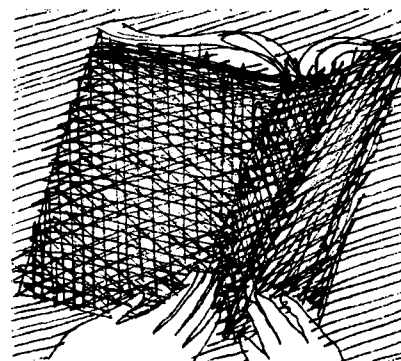
Why? So as to be able to project it into the future. And this, the future, is the most radical aspect of Steiner's imagination, the root from which all else derives: the apocalyptic impulse to see ends and new beginnings. His imagination naturally flees the contingencies of today, to extrapolate or "triangulate" the future, in the willingly doom-driven manner of a Henry Adams. Everywhere he sees the Ends of Eras, New Worlds burning, until one suspects something psychologically *a priori* in the very taste for prediction. It is this impulse that allies him to Marshall McLuhan, a man who otherwise falls far below his intellectual standards: "He is one of those shapers of the present mood who seem to mark a transition from the classic forms of Cartesian order to a new, as yet very difficult to define, poetic or syntax of experience."

The product of this particular imagination, multiplied by this particular erudition, is what might be called the argument of the book. The era whose end he is most keenly interested in recording is that of "The Word"—his special province as a man of letters. Other epochal turns—the death of the Novel, the end of individualism—are also marked or prophesied; but it is "The Retreat from the Word" that Steiner takes as his special concern. "There is a widespread intimation, though as yet only vaguely defined, of a certain exhaustion of verbal resources in modern civilization, of a brutalization and de-

valuation of the word in the mass-cultures and mass-politics of the age. . . . Are we passing out of an historical era of verbal primacy—out of the classic period of literate expression—into a phase of decayed language, of "post-linguistic forms," and perhaps of partial silence?"

His evidence, drawn from every possible realm, is not always persuasive. He tends to find what he looks for. But the idea and its illustrations are troubling nonetheless.

He points to the bankruptcy of the classical literary tradition, revealed by Nazi Germany. He notes the su-



perior expressiveness and depth of *musical* communication. He sees a greater imagination alive in the *non-literary* arts, as well as a more responsive public. He points to the dominion of the scientific mode, with its rival language of number—a language that is precise, rigorous, objective and demonstrable, by contrast with the inexact, impressionistic, personal and unverifiable language of mere words. The man of letters, unable to "share in the principal adventure of the contemporary mind," feels more and more an anachronism, an outsider, as his arable field is closed in tighter and tighter, by order of the austere, hard rule of Steiner's favorite philosopher: Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent.

These are the claims of the rivals. What of the word itself? Steiner reaches eloquence in portraying the verbal decay and corruption that surround him.

"What save half-truths, gross simplifications, or trivia can, in fact, be communicated to that semi-literate mass audience which popular democracy has summoned into the market place? Only in a diminished or corrupted language can most such communication be made effective. . . . the access to economic and political power of the semi-educated has brought with it a drastic reduction in the wealth and dignity of speech."

He waxes Carlylean on the New Illiteracy and its servant-masters, the thought-controlling, word-deforming mass media, with their "confidence tricks" and "hypnotic mendacities." We are smothered in noise, blunted by the loud, everyday lies of advertising and politics, the loud everyday facts of the "news." We dwell in a "wind tunnel of gossip," at once deluged with cheap words and dependent, more every day, on non-words: on pictures, cartoons, images, loud bright colors. No one reads aloud; the classics become inaccessible; literary prose shrivels to

Hemingwayese, or bloats to erotic fantasia. "Words have killed images . . . Words create confusion. Words are not the word . . . words say nothing": Ionesco. Beckett's plays and novels are demonstrations of Wittgenstein's rule. A decade of unprecedented abuse can break the very neck of, can *kill* a living language, Steiner proclaimed of German in 1959. Commercial means will inexorably attain the same end, sooner or later, in the mass democracies of the West.

Despite his scorn for the market place, his hatred of lies, and his disgust beyond words for fascism, it is not entirely clear where Steiner himself stands. His erudition is substantial, his imagination unique and definable, his argument, if not wholly persuasive, is clear. But his final moral position is ambiguous. He calls the past dead, yet he tries to preserve it; he despises the present, yet longs to be of it; and as for the futures to which his imagination so anxiously bends, I cannot tell whether he wants to retard them, accelerate them, or simply to describe them, neutrally, rolling along with the tide.

On page six we are told that "there is demonstrably more insight into the matter of man in Homer, Shakespeare or Dostoevsky than in the entirety of neurology or statistics." On page 17, that "Calculus, the laws of Carnot, Maxwell's conception of the electromagnetic field, not only comprise areas of reality and action as great as those comprised by classic literacy; they probably give an image of the perceptible world truer to fact than can be derived from any structure of verbal assertion."

Or observe his unhappy championing of Marshall McLuhan, "the nervous cheapness" of whose prose obviously makes him sick; or of Claude Lévi-Strauss, whom he confesses he does not understand and cannot judge. Half a biased belletrist, half a starry-eyed train bearer to King Science, he stands so in awe of the New and the Coming that he must do honor to all those who seem to be part

of it. He treasures, as a proper Central European Humanist should, the fine, honest phrase—but will throw it all over for anyone who seems to be riding the wave of the future, illiterate or not, understood or not.

Just where *is* his own commitment? It is clear that he does not like the quality of the present, or thinks he does not, or should not, or at least enjoys the role of denouncing it: all marks of a good conservative (" . . . a time of fantastic intellectual cheapness, of unctuous pseudo-culture and sheer indifference to values—the century of the book club, the digest, the hundred great ideas on the installment plan . . .").

But the "future" he posits is vague and unconvincing. Never is his forward vision as sure, say, as McLuhan's—who foresees "the greatest of all human ages." Steiner's future is a thing of "Pythagorean" books, self-defining, self-questioning works that defy all generic categories; of audience-participation psychodramas; of picture-books, and no one reading Shakespeare; of people talking to one another in musical notes, or not at all (or in silent vibrations, like dolphins?); of organ transplants so radical as to destroy all existing notions of personal identity.

Might not his "millenarianism," his strangely ambivalent prophesying derive, first, from his disgust with what is, and his urge to hope it away, even if baby must go out with bath? and secondly, from the habits and needs of his own peculiar generalizing, future-dwelling imagination? May he not be a secret conservative, and his book, secretly (secretly even to him, perhaps), another *Education of Henry Adams*, singing the anarchic future, but covertly prizing the humanist past? There are evidently strong impulses in both directions. But I think the resulting vector still points to the past. The very fact of this book is, in a way, despite all its futurist assertions, a vote for the right use of words, for the present relevance of a classical culture.

How green was my wastepaper basket

THE NERVE OF EDMUND WILSON



DAVID I. SEGAL

June '67: have just read Edmund Wilson's diary, or notebook, or whatever you call it in the Farrar, Straus, Giroux edition. I had previously read most of it in *The New Yorker* but I wanted to see if it looked more like a book when it was a book. It doesn't. What it really looks like is the kind of thing that one's devoted friends com-

pile after one's death. So that in the future, as I reread these words, I won't think myself too splenetic, I'd better copy out some bits here.

Between pages 173 and 175 of Edmund Wilson's new book (*A Prelude*) there appears a poem written in his youth. On page 176, the contemporary Mr. Wilson has this to say about it: "I knew even then that this was much too grandiloquent and that it sometimes fell into banality, and I never attempted to publish it." Better late than

DAVID I. SEGAL, who has contributed previously to these pages, is an editor at a New York publishing house.

27 October 1967: 117

never; since all of this first book appeared in the *New Yorker*, the poem has now been published twice.

In 1908, as a young boy, Mr. Wilson was taken to Europe. He kept a notebook; he kept it and kept it, writing later about his family, his college days, service in the army and the beginning of his career in New York City. From the travel diary we know what Master Wilson thought about Naples: "[it] is a very dirty place, full of howling dagoes. . . ."

He kept the notebook, and he preserved it. And so we now know that when he was living in New York City: "Dick Cleveland said that the last word was said about Princeton in wartime when someone wrote on the bulletin board in the University store: 'The old college life is all shot to hell.'"

Later: had dinner with Mom last night and described the Wilson book. She immediately dug out of the closet the earlier volumes of this journal which we have been rereading together. We both agree that there is stuff in it as good as what Mr. Wilson published. Of course I am not as famous as Edmund Wilson but still there ought to be some objective criteria for what gets into books and magazines and if my stuff is as good as his stuff and his stuff gets published, then my stuff ought to get published. I will just do a little anthology here to see how it looks and then maybe I will send it off to *Commonweal*.

(When I was quite young we lived in Long Island, but once we made a trip to Manhattan, to see the sights and visit relatives.)

The Long Island Railroad, that greyish blue nightmare of noise, heat (it was the summer) and slowness.

I imagine that Penn Station looks more like a Roman temple than most Roman temples do. (I had not yet visited Europe.)

The Third Avenue "el," and the people in shirt sleeves, leaning out the windows along Third Ave. like giant birds, roosting.

We had visited my aunt Leatrice, who was delighted to see us, poor thing. She had, some years earlier married Peter Randolph Osprey. (This is not the same Peter Randolph Osprey who was my father's cousin and who raised buttered radishes in Delaware, about whom I'll write extensively, later.) Osprey, while an amiable chap given to quoting St. Augustine and inventing practical jokes, was then in the used bandage business (this was before the invention of drip-dry bandages) and the family did not approve. My aunt and uncle lived on the wrong side of Riverside Drive (in a houseboat).

(Some years later I went off to college. Looking through my notebooks for that period I find a certain sentimentality

about school which is now out of favor, but it might prove amusing.)

My first impression of the "quad" was of the straight rows of trees, and the serious youths who walked between them, thinking and talking. (I was very shy in those days.)

Franky Lemming said it after a philosophy class, and it summed up a lot for the rest of us: "Whitehead is a blackhead."

After we won our fifteenth football game in a row, Frank (Snow) White said, "Hells bells, we may never lose one." But we did. (We were all optimists, in those days.)

(After college, since there didn't happen to be a war on, I enlisted in the Army. I was a coward, in those days.)

Our CO called us together and said, "We may not be at war today, but tomorrow looks better." Three Yale men threw up.

(After the Army I lived in New York, where, moved by a vague desire to be "in" the literary world, I took a position as assistant to the poetry editor of *Underwear Weekly*.)

The shy young poets, with their flimsy manuscripts.

I'll never forget the pleasure of walking to work on brisk Autumn mornings, swinging a brief case full of rejected poems.

(It was during this period that I wrote this review of Edmund Wilson's *I Thought of Daisy*.)

Mr. Wilson's first novel is a contradictory work. Reading it, one is convinced that the book is carefully constructed inside the author's head. On the page, however, it appears thoroughly disorganized. Clearly intended to be the record of the narrator's relationship to the title character (Daisy), this relationship is lost amid a plethora of other characters. For some of them the author stops his novel and delivers himself of lengthy biographical essays. As for the title character herself, she is so arch, and yet so self-preoccupied; so astute, and yet so illiterate; such a bitch, and yet so loving; that finally the reader realizes that she is an inchoate fantasy of the author.

Always the insightful critic, Mr. Wilson says about one of the characters, Rita, "In her own stories and plays, there were no characters but merely situations and emotions." This is true of this novel, and the most successful scenes take place at parties where disembodied voices spin out webs of amusing but trivial conversation. The only two emotions Mr. Wilson is good at are longing for and regret after. The most interesting potential relationship in the book is between the narrator and Rita. But all we have is a few scenes before they become lovers and a few after they cease to be. Always the analyzing critic,

New Books of catholic Interest

CHRIST IN THE THOUGHT OF TEILHARD DE CHARDIN

Francisco Bravo

In this study, Francisco Bravo outlines and analyzes Teilhard's integration of Pauline doctrine and Darwinian evolution, the point of encounter between God and the world when these two realities converge in Christ.

192 pages Sept. 26 LC 67-22140 \$4.95

MODERN THEOLOGIANs, CHRISTIANS AND JEWS

Edited by Thomas E. Bird

Ten studies in this second volume of the Theology Today series provide an introduction to some of the religious thinkers of our time and present a composite portrait of today's theologian.

240 pages Dec. 13 LC 64-17067 \$5.95

FAMILY AND FERTILITY

Edited by William T. Liu

Dealing with the relation between the family system and the procreative behavior of the family—past, present and future.

400 pages Oct. 10 LC 64-17608 \$9.95

THE CANAL

Aspects of United States—Panamanian Relations

Sheldon B. Liss

This study offers a concise history of United States' relations with Panama from 1903 to 1966. A comprehensive examination is made of the post-World War II era along with a detailed analysis of the rise of communism on the Isthmus of Panama. "The Canal" states a basic future problem.

304 pages Oct. 2 LC 67-22147 \$5.95

HUMAN EXISTENCE: CONTRADICTION AND HOPE

Walter Strolz

Translated by Elizabeth Reinecke and Paul Bailey, C.S.C.
The essays of Walter Strolz offer a deeper insight into man's life and examine the historical continuity of human vitality from biblical claims of truth to the modern phenomenon of atheism.

176 pages Nov. 2 LC 67-722150 \$5.95

FREEDOM AND AUTHORITY IN THE WEST

Edited by George N. Shuster

Men and women of distinction in the Church, State and the world of scholarship participated at a Conference on "The Condition of Western Man: The Problem of Freedom and Authority." Papers at the conference presented various aspects of the same problem.

208 pages Nov. 6 LC 67-22146 \$8.50

THE INTEGRATION OF MAN AND SOCIETY

Edited by Samuel Shapiro

North Americans, Latin Americans and Europeans, priests and laymen, Protestants and Catholics, journalists, union leaders and professors examine the significance and the consequences of integration from many different viewpoints. The volume's ecumenical outlook and wide scope make it of unusual interest.

320 pages Jan. 23 \$6.50
Also in paperback NDP-75 \$3.25

NEW PAPERBACKS FALL-WINTER 1967

WHERE I WAS BORN AND RAISED

David Cohn

An adult evaluation of life in Mississippi.

400 pages Sept. 15 NDP-67 \$2.75

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS IN THE MODERN DAY WORLD

William J. Whalen

A portrait of contemporary Mormonism with historical background.

320 pages Sept. 15 NDP-65 \$3.25

FIVE IN SEARCH OF WISDOM

John M. Oesterreicher

The story of five Jewish philosophers who found their way to Christianity.

292 pages Sept. 28 NDP-66 \$2.25

FAITH AND FICTION: CREATIVE PROCESS IN GREENE AND MAURIAC

Philip Stratford

Creativity and religious thought analyzed in the writings of two major twentieth-century writers.

360 pages Sept. 15 NDP-68 \$2.95

MAKING OF THE MEXICAN MIND

Patrick Romanell

An examination of the intellectual significance of contemporary Mexican thought.

214 pages Sept. 15 NDP-64 \$2.45

VALUES IN AMERICA

Edited by Donald N. Barrett

Outstanding social scientists evaluate our social values.

192 pages Sept. 15 NDP-70 \$1.95



UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME PRESS

Notre Dame, Indiana 46556 / London, England

Despite this, the novel can be recommended for its peripheral excellences and charms. The literary musings of the narrator are callow but interesting; Wilson can produce small talk which is consistently amusing. This bitter-sweet novel is always readable. The descriptions of New York in the late '20s are vivid (and depressing, in the context of today). Read it—you won't remember Daisy, but you will a lot of other things.

PEEK-A-BOO

Last week, in commenting on the recent New York Film Festival, I wound up saying that this Festival, with its mixture of good and bad movies, was at least stimulating—which is what, whether you like it or not, a festival should be. Among the most provocative of its programs and now in general release is Shirley Clarke's "Portrait of Jason," a 105-minute interview with a 33-year-old male Negro, a sometimes houseboy, entertainer, prostitute. Formerly this would probably not be called a movie at all: it has only one set, a living room, and one character who talks and talks and talks and sometimes sings and does his nightclub impersonations (Mae West, Butterfly McQueen, Katharine Hepburn, and other mannered personalities), but mainly during the all-night interview reveals himself—or is it himself? Most likely, not. What data we have on Jason (who was born Aaron Paine in New Jersey and took on the name Jason Holliday in San Francisco) do not jibe with the revelations he spills so liberally on the sound track as he tells all. And I mean *all* in a frank monologue about his youth, his work as houseboy and maid, his aspirations as a performer, his homosexual activities, his psychiatric sessions, his observations on black-white relationships and various other subjects. I'm not sure that this monologue (peppered with vulgarity, *the* four-letter words and some profanity) and the camera's steady focus on Jason is even now a movie. It is certainly not an entertainment in spite of its frequent humor, but as a sociological study of a man being stripped of manliness and dignity, it is fascinating and repelling.

It is interesting that so many of the critics praised Miss Clarke for her outstanding achievement in "Jason," the same critics who scolded Andy Warhol for his peep-show pictures like "The Chelsea Girls" and "I, a Man." I have just seen the new Warhol, "Bike Boy," which in spite of its vulgar dialogue (complete with *the* four-letter words again and length-of-erection discussion) and a peeping camera that concentrates on nudity, particularly male, does succeed in making some pungent statements about the motorcycle gangs and the lives they lead. Its opening scenes satirizing homosexuals is very funny, although too long. Perhaps if Warhol could keep his busy camera from peeping so much and devote his film making to some serious study, he too could come up with a "Jason."

JOHN ROBERT QUINN

One click; the pulse of summer comes to a halt.
There stands Father, all smile, dipper in hand
Tingling with cold spring-water. Here am I
Flecked as a brook trout, lean, a torn straw hat
Sprouting a tuft of hair. A cloth is spread
On the fragrant grass. Someone has branded a name
On the hide of that beech. Mother is tempting gods
With toppling platters. Tumbling there in the shade,
My barefoot brothers balance, forever young.





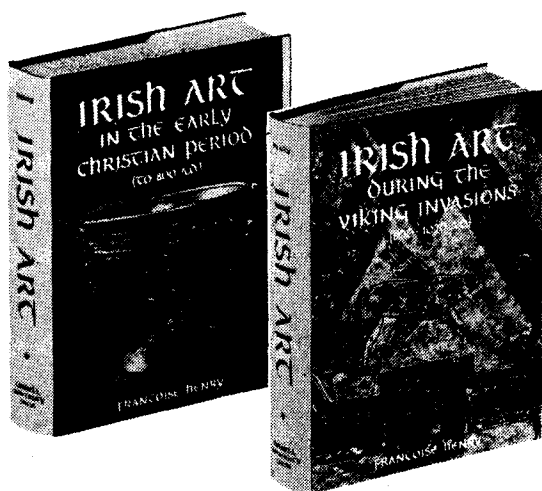
Cornell University Press

Announces the publication
of the second book in a
unique series on

IRISH ART

By **françoise henry**

"the undisputed authority
on this subject."



IRISH ART DURING the viking invasions

(a. d. 800-1020)

With 16 color plates, 112 black-and-white
photographs, maps, and drawings.

362 pages. \$15.00

Previously published:

IRISH ART in the early christian period (to 800 a. d.)

"The text, by the undisputed authority on
this subject, is eminently readable; the photo-
graphic illustrations are superb."—*American
Artist*. "If there were nothing in this book
besides the magnificent illustrations, it would
be well worth the price."—*Library Journal*.
With 14 color plates, 120 black-and-white
photographs, maps, and drawings.

392 pages. \$12.50

Cornell University Press
ITHACA, NEW YORK 14850

PINTER, BOY SOPRANO



THE STAGE

Harold Pinter's dramaturgy is an application of Mies van der Rohe's formula, "Less is more." But whereas in Mies' buildings this means the elimination of all unnecessary frills, in Pinter's plays it is the systematic removal of brick after brick, until we are left at best with an armature and at worst with nothing. Whereas the normal procedure of playwriting is addition, the fleshing out of a vision, Pinter practices subtraction of so much connecting tissue, even vital organs, from a simple story, that what is left is an outlandish, crumbling skeleton. The viewer is obliged, if he can be conned into such games, to divine the nature of the initial organism. But the game is hardly worth a candle stump once the semi-pulverized ossature is revealed to have belonged to a dormouse.

"The Birthday Party" is early, boy-soprano Pinter, and concerns Stanley, a refugee from something vague, hiding out in a ramshackle boarding house somewhere by the sea. A blowzy landlady cares for him maternally, perhaps Jocastanly. Two sinister, inexplicable figures—a rich Jew and his Irish tough of an assistant—appear and proceed to cajole or bully everyone into submission. A horrible mock-birthday party is thrown for Stanley. He is accused of an unspecified betrayal, goaded into a nervous breakdown, and finally carried off by the mysterious duo to be delivered to a still more mysterious Monty. The stagnant non-life of the boarding house continues unrippled. All this is, is the archetypal plot in which a gang tracks down and abducts a defector from its ranks, but it is so plucked clean of needed information, so sprinkled with quasi-symbolic non sequiturs, as to invite cocktail-party metaphysicians to do their worst. Is this an allegory of life and death, of society forcing the individual to conform, of sin visited by divine retribution? The unleashed psyche can project anything on this Rorschach test in drama's clothing.

Pinter, not unwittily, resorts to the devices he was later to perfect: the heaping up of slatternly conversational platitudes clashing with a nameless terror lurking in the wings; and the further clash between indolent, everyday speech and action with a sudden, motiveless, uprooting inconsistency. This does produce *dépaysement* and discomfort in the audience, but its application is so formulaic and the underlying substance so minuscule that the effect is ultimately one of ever-decreasing shudders running up and down a nonexistent spine.

Alan Schneider has directed with a foursquare honesty that is not devious enough for the material, and the American cast grapples gallantly with a British atmosphere and accents that elude them. Nevertheless, Ruth White as the fluttery, pitifully obtuse landlady, and Ed Flanders as the

amiably menacing Jew, create shadows that cast a little substance into the proceedings. As Stanley, James Patterson acts harassed and frantic too soon and too monotonously; the others in the cast are just plain inadequate. Pinter once boasted to Kenneth Tynan that he could write a perfectly valid play about a glass ashtray without reference to social or economic conditions. I would willingly concede that most of his plays are about glass ashtrays, and would never accuse them of having the slightest social, economic, or other implications. (*At the Booth.*)

"After the Rain" is John Bowen's, the English novelist's stage adaptation of one of his novels, and in a season already littered with much trash (some promptly carted off, some still dragging about), it stands out nobly as, not a masterpiece, but a thoughtful, amusing, concerned, theatrical, and wholly adult play. The time is the distant future, the place a college history lecture with the audience for students. The lecturer has a group of prisoners under hypnosis reenacting the great flood of 1969, and how its eight survivors on a raft started the New Society. The lecture-demonstration is to be instructive to the audience and therapeutic for the prisoner-volunteers: in the new utilitarian society everything is functional and purposive.

What is now acted out with frequent interruptions for grotesquely didactic explanations is the story of the new Noah's Ark of which Arthur, a sly, greedy little man becomes the captain. His crew represent the various gradations between intellect and animal fleshliness, but do so, by and large, without lapsing into lifeless types. The one free spirit among them is outnumbered, and Arthur, shrewd, egomaniacal, loathsome, yet practical and somehow faintly seductive, starts his ascent. In the morality

play that evolves, we see the snake become dictator, then divinity, then backtrack into mere priesthood, then make a false step and be killed. So the way is opened to secularization, mechanization—a computerized society humanely inhuman, denying divinity while usurping it.

I cannot rehearse here the various ramifications and permutations of this pawky, unpretentious allegory, but I must point to some flaws. Characters sometimes act with a schematic oversimplification befitting a mere tract; the symbology sometimes becomes excessive and overcomplication sets in. But Bowen's intelligence, humor, serious concern with abstract problems and ability to make them visual and dramatic seldom forsake him: "After the Rain" keeps a rein on our attention.

Unfortunately, this is one of those uneasily integrated casts in which the British contingent far outstrips the American players, with the exception of that canny caricaturist, Nancy Marchand. Alec McCowen, remembered for his superb Fool to Paul Scofield's Lear, manages to be at least three spectacular actors rolled into one; a tyrant who can charm, a weakling who can fulminate, a robot that can burst into humanity.

Mr. Bowen's thesis, that man, unable to assert his free will, is malignly buffeted between myth and the machine is gloomy and perhaps contestable. But, with the cogent help of Vivian Matalon's many-faceted staging, he has given us a play that playfully confronts us with our most serious defects and inveigles us into overcoming, for two hours at least, the worst of all: sloth of mind. (*At the Golden.*)

JOHN SIMON

(John Simon, new drama critic for Commonweal, is film critic for The New Leader. He is the author of Private Screenings, just published by Macmillan.)

BOOKS



The woman novelist—up from the male pseudonym

In Deep

PATRICIA COOPER

Delacorte Press, \$4.50

Casualties of Peace

EDNA O'BRIEN

Simon & Schuster, \$4.50

The Diary of Anais Nin

Harcourt, Brace, & World, \$6.95

DANIEL STERN

In discussing several women writers (two of whom have published books

this year) let me first begin with a strained but, I believe, authentic, parallel. The American Women Novelist (capital letters intentional) bears a striking resemblance in history, tone and in the public attitude encountered, to the American Negro Novelist (capital letters unavoidable).

When I was a high school philosophy buff, a Marxist friend gave me a pamphlet by Friedrich Engels called, *On The Woman Question*. I have been aware that there is one ever since. The point of similarity to the Negro question that faces women writers is: whether or not

they choose to write about "the problem," their readers are consciously or unconsciously expecting them either to treat of it, or to attempt to dispose of it by somehow "writing like a man." (This is usually thought to be a compliment. But I always wonder *which* man? Irving Wallace, for example?)

Like the Negro, women have been an exploited minority group. They have had to win their rights (civil or otherwise) by struggling for them. And they too are the victims of a thousand daily snubs and remarks that imply their inferiority. It is also helpful to remember that 80

years ago women were still using male pseudonyms in order to avoid all of the above-mentioned prejudices in their readers. (I am especially sensitive to this because Marie D'Agoult, friend of George Sand and Listz' last mistress wrote under the pen name of Daniel Stern.)

To press a mad analogy past the point of madness: one might consider Doris Lessing, with her amalgam of politics and feminism, and her treatment of the orgasm as an organizational problem, a kind of female Richard Wright. Or take Edna O'Brien, with her emphasis on the feminine side of sexuality and her attempt to claim for her women some of the frankness of need and expression automatically granted to men—or at least to men in books. She might be considered a kind of distaff James Baldwin.

Setting aside this little game let us admit that there is also a new kind of woman. One who does not come on strong nor does she tend to faint a lot or take refuge in any of the traditional female prerogatives. She accepts the difference between men and women and approves of them. She just doesn't want to be discriminated against because of them. When such a woman writes a novel something interesting happens. If all occasions conspire in her favor you may have a strong piece of work imbued with a certain sensibility difficult for a man to attain to. In short, the best of both worlds.

Such is the case of an exceptionally gifted first novel, *In Deep*, by Patricia Cooper. The first thing that proclaims something of a different animal is the language. On page one, for example, a description of a restaurant in which Katherine Ryan, the narrator, meets her stepmother to discuss the disappearance of Katherine's brother and *bête noire*, Nicholas: "What a contrived and dreary place this restaurant is, after all, with its huge black marble columns, great caged lamps, old-fashioned nymphs and murmur-fountains. The vast room, though well lit and warm enough, yet manages by some sort of ass-backward triumph of museum architecture to seem both dim and chilly. I wonder if my step-

mother, in choosing this place for us to meet, intended subtle flattery. It would be like her, a gesture at once obtuse, artful and touching."

There is present all the nuance we have been led to expect from the feminine writer. Yet the skeleton is supple and the phrase "ass-backward triumph of museum architecture" is just tough enough to redeem the "subtle flattery" of the stepmother's choice of meeting place. This kind of duality follows throughout the book. Katherine is prevailed upon to search and find her brother Nicholas—a wastrel, a seducer of 16-year-old girls—who has just deserted his wife of seven years. In following the course of one day and night on his trail Miss Cooper gives a sense of the unthought of, unfelt, but constantly operating abyss within and beneath the banal, daily activities of people. Well, maybe *not* so banal. The milieu we are taken into includes the world of the Abstract Expressionist painters, their arguments, their bars, their parties—elegantly rendered, with just enough irony, always, to give an essentially affectionate treatment the bite needed for the sense of experienced truth.

What the novel also gives is a refreshing treatment of Freud's "family romance." In chasing her brother to restore him to a precarious family balance, Kate grazes along the scar-tissue of her break-up with Max, painter and friend of Nicholas. She and Max do save Nicholas from a statutory rape charge but run squarely into the more serious charge of her relationship with Nicholas—and what it means to Kate and thus to Max. The word incest, either symbolic or literal is, of course, never mentioned. Instead the connection between brother and sister becomes paradigmatic for a whole range of choices short of sexual intercourse (perhaps), yet within the dangerous area.

The result is a suspenseful and ironic exploration of love that allows for the use of the mind and of wits as well as the heart. If there is a fault it is that the novel's ambiguity is not altogether intentional or controlled. But this is a first novel. And if it is not entirely successful Miss Cooper is easily one of the best new

novelists in recent years; a refreshing augury for the non-female female novel.

A novel that was *so* female it pushed past boundaries and became something all its own was last year's *August Is A Wicked Month* by Edna O'Brien. The attractive young British author inserted so many anglo-saxonisms into the mouth and mind of her young heroine, as well as so many sexual experiences into a short time, that the shock effect worked. A kind of involuntary moralistic concern set in (what's going to happen to that poor girl?). It happened. All of it, including suspected VD and the punishment via the death of her child.

This spring Miss O'Brien published another novel, her fourth—*Casualties Of Peace*. Few of the same excellences are to be found in this slim story of Willa, a fragile virgin of 27 who make and sells glass figurines—and who guards her virginity—and her sanity—as if it was also made of glass. Parallel to this runs the tale of Tom and Patsy, Willa's maid, and their break-up. The entire effort bears the mark of a writer striving to create a work to prove a thesis. In this case even the thesis is vague and contradictory but it can be roughly summed up as: by bottling up our violent, sexual emotions we do real violence to others and ourselves in the course of ordinary "peaceful" times. But the events—like the contrived murder that ends the book—ring false. As does the unconsummated love affair with a madman which, we learn after Willa's death, kept her aloof from life (i.e., sex) behind a wall of glass figures. Thus *Casualties Of Peace* projects some of the worst aspects of the old style female novel. Its style verges on the precious:—

*pity and softness, all
the currents inside you when
you see your mother dead or
someone sweating from hard
work.*

Such strain is apparent in style and substance throughout the book. It is a shame, because Miss O'Brien is very talented. She can set a scene with a few strokes—in fact, brevity is one of her undeniable virtues. But in the present work I felt that she did not care a bit for these people—only for writing about

them. And that's never enough reason for a reader to care.

A writer who is female as a cat yet so much more than that is the author of *The Diary of Anais Nin*. Miss Nin is the latest phenomenon in the series of writers of the '30s who have come to belated and enormously deserving fame. Henry Miller, Lawrence Durrell and now Anais Nin (the two men figure importantly in her Diary). For years she has been the underground writer's underground writer. Her early work, *House of Incest*, *Winter Of Artifice*, the five novels collected under the title of *Cities Of The Interior*, were all poetic visions: exquisitely unreal journeys to the end of a dream. She was a friend of surrealists and a co-creator of the surrealist tradition in writing. Yet all the while, she was keeping a daily Diary which, when the first volume was published last year, was revealed as one of the most powerful statements of the creative consciousness (not unconsciousness as in her published "art"). This Diary became a legend among writers living abroad; those who read it felt privileged and spread the gospel.

Miss Nin's conflict over art versus the Diary is actually the subject of the first volume. And, to my mind, the Diary itself settles the question. It is a unique case in literature, in which, as she reports the daily activities of real people—Henry Miller and June, his first wife, for example—she creates them. Consider the first meeting with June Miller:

... "the phosphorescent color of her skin, her huntress profile, the evenness of her teeth. She is bizarre, fantastic, nervous, like someone in a high fever . . . As I sat before her, I felt I would do anything she asked of me . . . She was color, brilliance and strangeness. By the end of the evening I had extricated myself from her power. She killed my admiration by her talk. The enormous ego, false, weak, posturing. She lacks the courage of her personality which is sensual, heavy with experience. Her role alone preoccupies her . . . she creates genuine dramas, genuine chaos and whirlpools of feelings, but I feel that her share in it is a pose. I cannot grasp the core of June."

"What really sets man apart from all other creatures in the animal kingdom?" asks **Mortimer J. Adler** in "the most intriguing study since Koestler's *The Act of Creation*"*



THE best-selling author of *How to Read a Book* now explores the ever-fascinating mystery of human difference in his provocative new work—already being hailed as the most stimulating and challenging book of the year.

CLIFTON FADIMAN says: "I have read Dr. Adler's book with unqualified admiration. *THE DIFFERENCE OF MAN* makes a difference in one's thought. Of how many books may this be said?"

JACQUES BARZUN calls it: "An original and important work. It deals with the main intellectual confusion of our time—is man's mind a piece of machinery or (as the cant phrase has it) creative? Dr. Adler sets forth the evidence on either side and defines the challenges to be met before a decision is to be reached. This book is a triumph of logic, of fairness, of lucid exposition, and of imaginative foresight about human consequences."

JEREMY BERNSTEIN says: "It will touch off a large number of explosions in the intellectual community. I was extremely impressed by the vast reserve of information that Dr. Adler brings to bear—ranging all the way from a well informed view of the latest progress in machine intelligence to the writings of the ancient Greeks. It is all woven together in a tight logical pattern and with a style that makes it a pleasure to read."

THE DIFFERENCE OF MAN AND THE DIFFERENCE IT MAKES

*Kirkus Service (Starred Review)

\$7.95 from your bookseller

 **Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.**

27 October 1967: 125

Just published...
**AN INTELLECTUAL MILESTONE
FOR OUR TIME**

FREEDOM OF CHOICE AFFIRMED

**THE NEW BOOK BY
CORLISS
LAMONT**

This eminently readable and unique volume by the distinguished Humanist Philosopher demonstrates that all men always possess the most basic freedom of all: Freedom of Choice.

Dr. Lamont marshals thoroughly documented evidence illuminating both sides of the free-will controversy to show that the doctrine of total determinism is false.

He writes: "As I have discovered through my own inner experience, full awareness of freedom of choice brings a new sense of power and exhilaration to every aspect of living."

The author draws upon science, literature, religion and the problems of everyday life; and examines the ideas of such men as Einstein, Erich Fromm, William James, Spinoza, Thornton Wilder, John Dewey, Luther, and many other thinkers.

* * *

"Makes a powerful case for human freedom in terms of a naturalistic and non-dualistic philosophy...A wealth of concrete and vivid illustrations."

—John H. Randall, Jr.
Professor of Philosophy,
Columbia University

* * *

"...important and exciting to both philosophers and the common man."

—Reverend Edwin H. Wilson
Director Emeritus
American Humanist Association

An invaluable book for students,
teachers, and lay readers.

At most first-class booksellers \$5.95

HORIZON PRESS
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10010

The attempt to grasp the core of a woman that had none is part of the authentic drama of the first volume of the Diary. What is revealed in the process is the talent of a major novelist. Every subtlety of personal and social life is utilized with the depth and fullness of a profound artist.

The second Volume, just published, avoids the feared fate of second volumes: it is as good or better than the first. More than 30 years ago Miss Nin wrote: "I have a natural flow in the Diary. What I produce outside is a distillation, the myth, poem." I disagree. The Diaries are, taken all in all, a great narrative poem written with all the resources of a master of prose. And the myth that is born of the conjunction of some of the most magnificent characters in modern literature—The Millers, Otto Rank the mad anarchist-dancer Gonzalo, Lawrence Durrell, her father, the composer Joaquin Nin . . . and hundreds more—the myth of the sentient young artist grappling with her experience is as authentic as any other Portrait Of The Artist. The narrator of the Diary is a magical female mirror who gives back the reflections as she sees them. And, as in much great art, the most superbly created character, all a-glint with rich fragments of sensibility and intellect, is the author.

These Diaries have, I believe, a permanent place in our literature. Decade by decade Anais Nin has been creating the life of the century she lives in. (The total work, which continues to this day, is said to be over 15,000 pages of type-written manuscript.) They are also proof that by being one's self to the extreme one may penetrate to the core of uni-



REVIEWERS

DANIEL STERN is the author of *After the War* (Pantheon).

ANNE FREMANTLE, an anthologist, is the editor of *The Age of Belief*.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS, editor of *The Nation*, is the author of *Ambrose Bierce: A Biography* being reissued this month by Archon Books.

MEL MENDELSSOHN is Assistant to the President at New York City Community College.

versality. By being so much of a woman-artist Anais Nin has become a great one. The belated publication of these Diaries is unquestionably a major event.

Long Shadows

SHANE LESLIE

Dimension Books, \$6.95

ANNE FREMANTLE

Sir Shane Leslie, though he did not actually himself "see Shelley plain," handled the poet's jawbone twisted from his burning skull by Trelawney, and saw most of the great of his day and age: poets and politicians, from his first cousin Winston Churchill to Pope Pius X and Woodrow Wilson, not only plain, but colored. Colored by his own affection, veneration, or contempt. He has written an informative, amusing, tender autobiography which is a valuable contribution to the history of this century on three counts. First, for the details of Winston's childhood and schooldays. Second, for the intimate and unique description of the negotiations between the Irish leaders in the United States, such as Cardinals Farley, O'Connell and Gibbons, Judges Keogh and Cohalan, together with greasy eminences such as Joe Tumulty and John Quinn, and such men as Ambassadors Martin Egan and Spring Rice, heroes Redmond and Casement, President Woodrow Wilson and ex-President Taft, prior to the entry of the United States into World War I. (Sir Shane got Theodore Roosevelt and Taft to come out for Irish Home Rule, and heard Taft declare he did not understand why Lord Carson was not "hung for treason as clear as any committed.") Thirdly, for the fascinating account of the conclaves of Benedict XV and Pius XI. Sir Shane even gives the figures for all the ballots in 1914 and 1922.

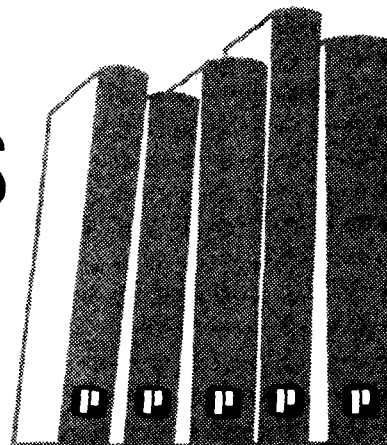
Sir Shane's family came to Ireland from Scotland thanks to their loyalty to the Stuarts whom they served until the end. His marked concern for "ladies of the town" may stem from several gallivanting forebears, and his literary gifts from one Charles Leslie, an eighteenth-century journalist, who exposed the truth of the Massacre of Glencoe in a fearless

tract which, he tells us: "Macaulay reluctantly consulted." Sir Shane's grandfather had a picture hung on the line at the Royal Academy and won the Military Grand Steeplechase in the same year. His mother was a sister of Jennie Jerome (Winston's mother) and Sir Shane's daughter Anita has written brilliantly of this American side of her family. Sir Shane had a prelapsarian childhood in Ireland. "Glaslough was our kingdom, and here we lived amid ferrets and retrievers, collecting rabbits and pike for the table and learning how to shoot elusive snipe and wily woodcock. The Irish keepers were a hardy lot . . . when we suffered cuts they bound them up with old cobwebs . . . Bob Gilroy was guardian of the lake, cutting reeds from a raft which he propelled with a long-handled scythe . . . We sailed at a spanking pace thanks to an enormous carriage umbrella used as a sail . . . many a tree we cut down together."

In London the three lovely erstwhile Miss Jeromes with their husbands and eight children lived in Great Cumberland Terrace. Foggy London then rang with whistlings for cabs and the muffin man's bell. School for the cousins was ghastly. Winston was flogged at his prep school on a wooden block; a fellow pupil has declared the headmaster was sexually excited by any boy with red hair. At Harrow he was pushed head-downwards into a fold-up bed while a bevy of bullies poured water of different temperatures onto him. Rescued, he declared he would be a great man while his tormentors would be nobodies. Shane fared little better at Eton, being thrashed by his fagmaster until he attempted suicide. He left two years early, but was sometimes "wildly happy" in summer when he was able to dash into the river three times a day.

After Eton, life was splendid. One aunt had a *palazzo* in Rome; for two years Sir Shane was a student at the Sorbonne, took fencing, and walked regularly in the dawn's early light from the Etoile to the Place St. Sulpice, while heresy began to leak out of his boots. At Cambridge he turned High Church, and in 1907 went to Russia, which he found the most religious country in the world.

for YOU: FIVE BOOKS that *HAVE* to be good!



After much midnight oil and many miles of manuscripts we bring you these books. They're our first. They *have* to be good.

IN PURSUIT OF DIETRICH BONHOEFFER, BY WILLIAM KUHN

More and more people are talking about Bonhoeffer but this is the first work by a Catholic author on the brilliant Protestant theologian who is responsible for much of today's theological ferment. The book is a study of a man who had a rare capacity for action. \$6.75

THE BEGINNINGS OF A PEOPLE, BY JOSEPH RHYMER

Sacred Scripture, and especially Exodus and the covenant, come alive in this very readable book. Rhymer has a happy knack for translating the insights of scholars and literary critics into everyday English. According to one reviewer: "... to read this work is to feel the thrill of discovery and to desire to know more." \$4.75

THE TROUBLED CONTINENT, BY DOUGLAS HYDE

What is really happening in Latin America? What must we do—now—to cope with the explosive problems there? As a former communist, Hyde has some articulate and hard-hitting answers. Nor does he shrink from pointing to areas where the Church has been delinquent. Illustrated. \$5.95

THE THIRD HORSEMAN, A Study of World Poverty and Hunger, BY GABRIEL BOWE, O.P.

A fascinating analysis of world conditions, particularly the problems of poverty, food shortage and the worldwide emergence of the welfare state. With the encyclical, *The Development of Peoples*, as a starting point, the book is especially valuable in its treatment of modern capitalism and Marxism. November 15. \$5.95

ONE AND THE SAME SPIRIT, BY REV. WILLIAM HOGAN, C.S.C.

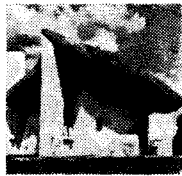
Here at last is a book for those forgotten men and women religious—the domestic and manual workers. A timely reminder that Vatican II applies to them also, the book blends what is of value from the past with what is required by the present. \$4.50

... at your bookstore ...

**PFLAUM
PRESS**



38 WEST FIFTH STREET
DAYTON, OHIO 45402
A DIVISION OF GEO. A. PFLAUM, PUBLISHER, INC.



Christianity and the Arts

By Donald Whittle

How does the faith reflected in a Byzantine mosaic differ from the faith reflected in the work of Raphael? And what about the way in which Roualt poured out the turbulent grace of God. "On the Waterfront" was considered a movie of deeper Christian content than "The Greatest Story Ever Told" says the author. Why and how? "The Cathedral of the twentieth century is . . . something of an anachronism," continues the writer. Why is it? The ultimate questions of man, as revealed in various works of art are discussed in this volume which is an excellent introduction to a meaningful relationship between Christianity and the arts—or a comprehensive application of the Christian faith to the arts—painting, architecture, music, fiction, poetry, drama, cinema.

Twenty-three magnificent and carefully chosen illustrations.

A Fortress Paperback Original, \$1.50

CREED AND DRAMA

By W. Moelwyn Merchant

\$1.50

THREE CHURCH DRAMAS

By Olov Hartman

\$3.95

At all book stores
Fortress Press
Philadelphia, Pa. 19129



PITTSBURGH, PA.

KIRNER's

Catholic Book Store

309 Market Street

Pittsburgh 22, Pennsylvania

Phone: CO 1-2326 and 1-2327

One dark, snowy evening, he arrived at Yasnaya Polyana where Leo Tolstoy asked the cold, tired boy whether he believed in God, was a vegetarian, and had anything to reproach himself with toward women? Perhaps as a result, Sir Shane became a convinced vegetarian and teetotaler, and on his wedding night sprinkled holy water over his Protestant bride while chanting *Asperges Me!* To please Lord Halifax he tried to receive communion in the Orthodox church; denied it, he "went over to Rome" and even "dallied on the threshold of a monastery" until begged to return to Cambridge and row in the May boat.

Next to religion, the most serious thing in Sir Shane's life has been politics, and he was barely out of the schoolroom before he realized nothing mattered in Ireland except Home Rule. Families split over it completely. When Winston offered to bring Lloyd George to lunch at Glaslough, Shane's father said if Winston did so he would sue for divorce—and meant it! Sir Shane knew Horace Plunkett well, and Padraic Pearse. He stood for a key Parliamentary seat in Ulster in 1910. He married in 1912, like his father, an American, whose father was U.S. Ambassador in Spain. Sir Shane's account of the battle of Jutland, his vindication of Lord Beatty, his detailed description of Alfred Rosenbach's various purchases from (and of) great British libraries, are fascinating.

Sir Shane inherited Scott Fitzgerald as a protégé from Msgr. Cyril Fay, and took Scott's first novel to "old Scribner." *The Beautiful and Damned* is dedicated to Sir Shane, whose literary vignettes shine. Two examples. The dying Wilfred Blunt dismissing the priest the Meynells had sent for with the words: "Could you not have guessed he was my son?"; Cardinal Gasquet saying of Cardinal Ratti in his presence to Shane: "That man is so wicked we intend to lock him up for life."

Sir Shane's descriptions of the Blitz are memorable: the searchlights moving on the horizons "like the loose ivory fingers of a huge fan"; the old Cockney woman pissing out an incendiary bomb fire; the gaitered bishop clinging to a column next to Rosa Lewis and Jack Squire

having tea at the bombed Cavendish surrounded by its shattered glass.

In his more than 80 years, Sir Shane has served his family, his country, and his religion well, and about them all has written a gay and gallant book.

Pax Americana

RONALD STEEL

The Viking Press, \$6.95

MEL MENDELSSOHN

Ronald Steel would have us believe that America's empire was acquired in a fit of "moral fervor." More than 20 years after World War II, we find 700,000 U.S. soldiers stationed in 30 countries, we have mutual defense treaties with 40 nations, we belong to 53 international organizations, and we provide military or economic aid to almost 100 nations—all this because we are prisoners of an obsessive anti-Communist rhetoric. Is he putting us on?

It must be comforting to believe, as Steel does, that "the mantle of empire rides uneasily upon American shoulders," that imperialism "goes too much against the grain of the American character and American institutions." Unfortunately, history does not agree. America's postwar empire was acquired in the same way as her prewar empire, when American power—military and economic—filled vacuums left by the disintegration of previous world power balances.

We cannot quarrel with Steel's thesis that the official ideology of anti-Communism has been used to justify American interventions. Nor do we find fault with his indictment of our simplistic moralism as a major cause of incompetence in the conduct of foreign affairs. But we must take issue with Steel's superficial analysis of the roots of United States foreign policy. U.S. foreign policy is rarely, if ever, the result of mass hypnosis. On the contrary, it is usually designed to protect and foster American interests around the world as defined by the policy-makers. In the United States, the policy-making establishment is business-oriented and, therefore, acquisitive.

While it may sometimes be difficult to discern and define American interests in specific areas, or to understand them when defined by "official spokesmen," nevertheless, they exist. Vietnam should be convincing enough proof. It is clear that we are no more interested in saving South Vietnam for the "free world" than we were in saving Hungary in 1956 or Haiti, Saudi Arabia, Rhodesia and South Africa now. The mouthings of Lyndon Baines Johnson, we learn every day, deserve no more credibility than those of Mao Tse-tung.

What is consistent in our foreign affairs is not what we profess but what we do. In Latin America, we support conservative regimes opposed to meaningful alteration of an economic status quo that means poverty and hunger for the masses and impressive profits for U.S. investors. In Asia, we pour billions of dollars into a civil war on the side of a makeshift dictatorship opposed to land reform. We support Chiang's military occupation of Taiwan. And every now and then, there is a monumental arms sale to India, Pakistan or some other starving nation when things look slow in the board rooms of our military-corporate complex.

In the Middle East, we exercise great restraint when 80 million Arabs surround and threaten to exterminate less than three million Jews. No need to talk about oil, is there? And what of Europe? We "encourage" European federation while we seek to dominate continental industrial life, pushing now into Eastern Europe with the heavy bludgeon of our advanced technology. Gaullism is treated as personal insult when it is no more than good old American competition.

If Ronald Steel recognizes the importance of these economic factors, he certainly does not over-emphasize them. He would, I think, rather debunk ideological myths than acknowledge unacceptable motivations, however real.

We can agree that anti-Communism is a popular and continuing source of public support for American interventionism. However, it is not the American public that determines foreign policies, no matter how much it may suffer for

them. Foreign policy is the handiwork of the President, his advisors, and the State Department bureaucracy. These gentlemen are influenced most by their origins and continuing interests in the business establishment. To them, the "American way of life" is, in substance, profit-oriented, no matter how they may glorify their actions with the dogmas of American "democracy."

This kind of hypocrisy has not gone unnoticed in the world of the have-nots. There, America represents defense of

the status quo and resistance to the only alternative for many, revolution. When Steel advocates economic assistance without political interference, he asks the impossible. Power is never yielded voluntarily and most investors prefer low-risk ventures.

Steel's recommendations for *détente* with Soviet Russia, multilateral economic assistance, and non-involvement in mini-power wars and insurrections are praiseworthy. He has documented the heavy cost of global intervention in



WESTMINSTER BOOKS ON 20TH-CENTURY CHRISTIANITY

The Open End of Christian Morals

By WESLEY C. BAKER. The insights of a working pastor are applied to the idea of "situation ethics"—a morality based on love instead of rules—with emphasis on the justification for such a morality in Christ's teachings. Paperbound, \$2.25

The Death of God Debate

Edited by JACKSON LEE ICE and JOHN J. CAREY. Provocative writings on the "death of God" theme, including new essays by Altizer and Hamilton, samples of their private correspondence with clergymen and laymen, and reactions by Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish scholars. Paperbound, \$2.65

Twentieth Century Spiritual Letters

AN INTRODUCTION TO CONTEMPORARY PRAYER

By JOHN B. COBURN. Letters of actual experience, showing that "spirituality is in fact a man's total life," followed by essays and reflections. Dr. Coburn, author of *Prayer and Personal Religion*, views ordinary human experiences in the light of a here-and-now communicable faith. \$3.95

Personal Ethics in an Impersonal World

By C. EUGENE CONOVER. Concentrating especially on the college campus situation, this book searches philosophy and theology for moral guidelines in a world grown increasingly technological and impersonal. Paperbound, \$2.45

Now at your bookstore

THE WESTMINSTER PRESS®

Witherspoon Building,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19107

Trial Offer

17 Issues for \$2

SAVE 60% of the single-copy price

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., N.Y., 10016

Enclosed is \$2. Please send the next 17 issues to:

Name

Address

City State Zip Code

☐ I prefer a regular one-year subscription at \$9. 10/27/67

men, money, domestic progress, and international prestige. But his recommendations may never be followed.

Whether America's empire expands or contracts will depend largely upon factors beyond her control. As other powers gain, our predominance throughout the world will be threatened. And gain they will.

But while American power enables our legions, economic and military, to straddle the globe, there is no doubt that we will continue to flex our muscles in every corner of the world—not to defend the "free world" from the evils of Communism as much as the evils of unexploited resources and markets.

**Ambrose Bierce,
A Biography**

RICHARD O'CONNOR

Little, Brown, \$6.95

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Ambrose Bierce has always been an "outlaw" figure in American Letters, never fully accepted, never really understood, never assigned his rightful place. A basic explanation for this strange fate is to be found in the slow, piecemeal way in which the facts of his career have finally been brought into a sensible relation to his writings. More than half a century has elapsed since Bierce's disappearance; it has taken all of this time, and more, to dispel the fog of misunderstanding about him.

The year 1929 marked the beginning of this effort. In that year four books were published: my own—the first full-scale biography—and books by C. Hartley Grattan, Walter Neale and Adolphe DeCastro (Dr. Danziger). In my book the facts about Bierce's life and career were, for the first time, set down in proper sequence. Grattan's book was really an extended critical essay, quite good in some respects, but both Neale and DeCastro were envious sycophants who had no real understanding of Bierce. Paul Fatout's biography, *Ambrose Bierce: The Devil's Lexicographer* (1951) added measurably to the limited store of sound information about Bierce, and his later study—*Ambrose Bierce*

and the Black Hills (1956) clarified an important episode in Bierce's life.

The special merit of Mr. O'Connor's eminently readable biography is that it brings together, properly correlates, and judiciously evaluates the pertinent post-1914 research and writing about Bierce, although for fresh insights on Bierce's stories one must turn to recent studies by M. E. Grenander, David Weimer, and Lawrence Berkove, whose brilliant dissertation (University of Pennsylvania) Mr. O'Connor does not mention.

About Bierce the man, Mr. O'Connor is essentially right. He sees Bierce, as anyone must who reads him with care, as basically a moralist. Contrary to the legend, "Bitter Bierce" was not really bitter. A lonelier man never lived but, as Van Wyck Brooks once pointed out, "no man was ever freer of personal bitterness." Foremost among his characteristics was a basic compassion for humanity. The famous stories of soldiers and civilian should not be read as "horror" tales or examples of grisly humor. On the contrary, as Lawrence Berkove has pointed out, they embody "a tragic view of life in which man is seen to be pitifully ill-prepared to cope with the perilous situations in which life places him."

What it comes down to, in Mr. Berkove's view—and I concur—is that Bierce as a young man was "appalled by the chaos and destructiveness of the war and was never able to forget his impressions and his memories of it or to give up searching for meaning in it. He came to understand all life as a form of war and developed this idea in the majority of his short stories, both those openly about war and those apparently about peace. But in the best of his stories, Bierce began to reach some conclusions about life. They were unpleasant conclusions, and he resented them, but he could not honestly deny them. He concluded that man might spare himself a little unnecessary suffering if he recognized life as a form of war, avoided exposing himself unduly by following his reason instead of his passions, and resigned himself to accept what he could not avoid." In a word, he was, or rather he became, a Stoic.

Today, after World Wars I and II, not to mention Korea and Vietnam, Bierce does not seem excessively "bitter." What he had to say about the Civil War and its aftermath will disturb few modern readers. "The white-hot core of Bierce's bitterness," as Larzer Ziff has written in a fine essay which Mr. O'Connor apparently failed to find (it is included in *The American 1890s: Life and Times of a Lost Generation*), "was not contempt for humanity, but contempt for a self which would not relinquish the hope of peace in this life. . . . Ambrose Bierce, formed by armed conflict, saw in his America only a continuation of war without its cleanness and dignity and counseled contempt while privately searching for a vale of peace. . . . The Civil War, the years since had taught him, was the most horrible and yet the only unhypocritical event of his life. . . . In peacetime, the same values apply. Commerce is based on cheating, and cheats and counter-cheats are a peacetime war far more degrading than the real thing."

It was Bierce's integrity of feeling, his remarkable honesty, that made him stand out in his lifetime as a spokesman for the first American "lost generation." Through Mencken and Crane and others, his influence extends well into our time and may be detected in writers who probably have never thought of their work as being influenced in any way by Bierce. As Mr. Ziff puts it, "Whenever life was seen as a chaos by a writer who was committed to capturing some shred of that chaos as he condemned it, there Bierce stood as a model. His nearly brutal wrath might maim;

but his imitators, lacking that wrath, were in danger of posing."

At long last, then, Bierce should now come into his own. The facts about his life have finally been brought into an understandable relation with his writings. Publication of Dr. Grenander's long-awaited edition of Bierce's letters will no doubt provide fresh insights, but the biographical record is, for all practical purposes, now complete. Thanks to paperback reprints, Bierce today enjoys a larger audience than he ever did in his lifetime.

What is needed now to insure that he is finally given his rightful place in the American tradition is a one-volume Selected Bierce of the type suggested by the late Wilson Follett (*The Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1937). The best of Bierce—of the stories, the battle pieces, the satire, the fables, the memoirs, the epigrams, the letters, the journalism (including selected "Prattle" columns as they appeared in the *San Francisco Examiner*—not snippets from them but the entire columns, with some indication of what was in the headlines that same day) would show to much better advantage if it could be removed from the rest of his work. Follett thought that a Selected Bierce would probably contain "more than the English-speaking part of the New World has yet had from any other one pen." I am not prepared to say that, but I can say that the best of Bierce is timeless.

CORRESPONDENCE



(Continued from page 101)

ens their resolve to continue the war because they contemplate that we may shortly abandon our efforts. Is the principle, "My Country Right or Wrong" outdated? . . . Differences of opinion are our privilege. However, when such differences assume the character of outright confrontation with our elected leaders in the exercise of their duties, it seems to me that it is misguided. Perhaps it is evidence of democracy "running rampant." . . .

JOHN H. YAUCH, SR.

Voyages

New Literary Quarterly
NERUDA, MERTON,
Drama, Fiction

Second Issue: ROBERT LAX.
Rare MERTON-LAX Letters,
VAN DOREN, GIROUX.

\$5 a Year

Box 4862

Washington, D.C. 20008

"a raucous sob"

COME SWEET DEATH A Quintet from Genesis

by B. D. Napier

Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Noah, the Tower of Babel, and Abraham "come alive both in theological precision and in terms of living in 1967 in a way I have rarely experienced before. It is, in short, a raucous sob." — Edmund A. Steimle, Union Theological Seminary. "What I'm first of all impressed by is the really astonishing brilliance of the rhetoric: it is a taut, nervous, virile language, an authentically contemporary speech, which dances back and forth between a witty playfulness and a sombre kind of eloquence . . . Napier's work is also impressive, and often deeply moving, in its use of Biblical myth to illumine the disorder that reigns continually in the human City." — Nathan A. Scott, Jr., Chicago Divinity School.

Dr. Napier, a UCC minister, is Dean of the Chapel and a Professor of religion at Stanford.

A United Church Press book.

Also new this month from United Church Press —

Experience and Religion

A Lay Essay in Theology by
Nicholas Mosley paper \$1.95

Pilgrim's Process

How the Local Church Can Respond to the New Age By Gerald J. Jud Cloth, \$2.95; paper, \$1.95

Jesus, Persons, and the Kingdom of God

A Study in New Testament Themes by Royce Gordon Gruenler (co-published with the Bethany Press) Cloth, \$4.95

from your bookstore or use coupon below

United Church Press, Dept. NC
1505 Race Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

Please send me _____ copies of
COME SWEET DEATH @ \$3.50
(cloth) Or \$1.95 (paper). Also _____
copies of _____ @ _____
I enclose _____*.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

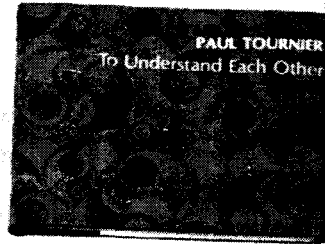
CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

*Add 25¢ postage plus sales tax where required.

Ask yourself these four questions:

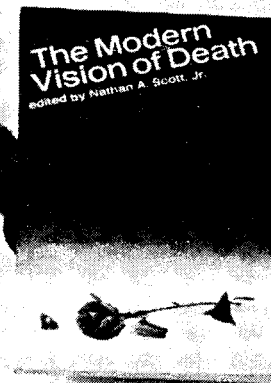


Q. Is my marriage a quiet failure?

A. If so, Paul Tournier may give you some surprising insights. He writes to couples who "live side by side, without hurting one another, but poles apart because of no real understanding of one another."

To Understand Each Other is ready now.

pb \$2.00

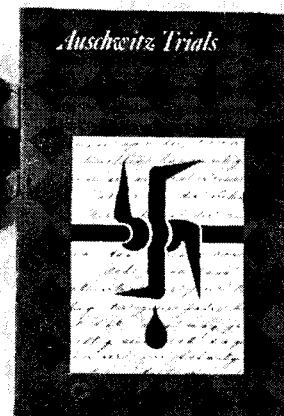


Q. What meaning, if any, do I find in death?

A. Your reaction to death leads "very directly into the central issues of human experience," says Nathan A. Scott, Jr., in his introduction to *The Modern Vision of Death*. Essays by six distinguished writers range from thoughts on total nuclear destruction to one person's account of what his father's death meant to him. pb \$1.95

Q. How can my church use *The Hustler* to proclaim the gospel?

A. In *Sunday Night at the Movies* G. William Jones tells how to bring *Alfie*, *The Hustler*, *Butterfield 8*, and other films to your church or campus to communicate the Christian faith. pb \$1.95



Q. How could mass annihilation of the Jews take place among people 95% of whom were baptized Christians?

A. "This very fact will not allow us ever to sit back and rest until we have found where and when the rails were shunted wrong," says Emmi Bonhoeffer. In letters to a U.S. friend she gives her impressions of the *Auschwitz Trials* and describes her experiences with some of the witnesses. pb \$1.00

Order from your favorite bookstore.

Box 1176, Richmond, Virginia 23209

**John
Knox**